

A NEW PAUL BUNYAN STORY

# THE CANADIAN FORUM

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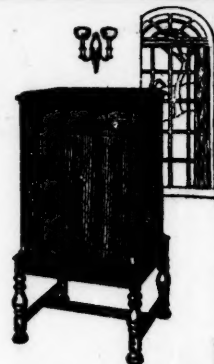
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## THE NEW YEAR

THE cause of world peace has had reverses as well as victories during 1926, but on the whole the outlook is more promising than it was a year ago. True, Mussolini is still a disturbing figure on the European stage, little progress has been made toward bringing Russia or America into the League of Nations and in the far East the situation is still fraught with unpleasant possibilities, while the cause of disarmament is apparently no further advanced than in 1925. On the other hand, the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations has been the greatest step towards the permanent pacification of Europe since the war, and its effect is already seen in the proposed withdrawal of the Allied Military Control Commission which is to be effected on the anniversary of the evacuation of Cologne. Even the tough question of the Rhineland is now being handled more in a spirit of Briandism than one of Poincarism, and the fulfilment of the Locarno agreement has brought sensibly nearer the ideal of the economic unification of the Continent. The *rap-prochement* between France and Germany, the conversations between British and Continental industrialists, and the arrangement for a general economic conference in May are all signs of a growing realization of the interdependence of the nations, and in that realization perhaps lies the best hope of world peace. Again, in the

far East Britain has at last taken the step that all enlightened opinion has been hoping for, and if the other western nations follow her lead there are grounds for hope that the coming year will mark the beginning of a new and more lasting agreement between China and the western world. An era of transition is necessarily one of peril, and we still live in dangerous days, but the dawn of 1927 is brighter than that of any previous post-war year.

## MR. KING'S LUCK

MR. KING'S luck is extraordinary. Six months ago he seemed to have come to the end of his tether; his Government was in bad odour with its own followers, he could no longer command a majority in the House of Commons, and he invited catastrophe by asking for a dissolution under circumstances which would have provided a Roman holiday for the Tories. What happened? Lord Byng refused him a dissolution, presented him with a constitutional issue which threw the customs scandals into the shade, and he was returned to power with a stronger allied force under his banner than any Liberal leader had commanded for years. Immediately after the election came the Imperial Conference. Mr. King was in an uncomfortable position, for the following which gave him his new majority was composed of two



main divisions sharply divided on the very issues which he knew would be foremost at the Conference—inter-imperial relations and Canada's status. Quebec did not want any tinkering with the British connection, yet the large section of Liberalism that comes within the orbit of the *Manitoba Free Press* was pressing for a declaration of Canada's full nationhood and absolute equality with Great Britain. Mr. King's luck again held good. Without lifting a hand or committing himself either way, in fact approaching the Conference with a statement that Canada had no particular demands to put forward and had merely sent him there in a spirit of goodwill to all, he returns to us with an imperial recognition of Canada's status which satisfies western Liberals and for which no Quebec faction can reproach him, since it was presented to him as a free gift by imperial statesmen whom the eloquence of Gen. Hertzog had persuaded of its advisability before he got there.

**I**N the field of domestic politics, fortune has been no less kind to our lucky Premier. He has before him the reasonable prospect of five years in office; he begins his new lease of political life at a time when the country is entering on a period of prosperity which may well prove to be unprecedented; the West has recovered from its slump and has just harvested a paying crop, industry is flourishing in the East, our exports of manufactured goods at last exceed our imports, our favourable trade balance is steadily increasing, immigration is already stimulated, and government revenues show such a promising increase that tax reductions should be easily practicable. Best of all, perhaps, from the politician's point of view, Mr. King's following is now so divided that its reactionary and progressive elements can be brought to meet each other half way on economic issues, instead of the left wing having to go all the way as has been the case with every Liberal Government prior to 1925. Again, circumstances have removed from the opposition the keenest mind and the greatest obstructive force it possessed, and in the first clash between the Premier and the new leader of the opposition, Mr. King's superiority in debate was clearly demonstrated. We do not wish to criticize the Premier before he has had a chance to prove himself under these new and favourable circumstances; but we regret that in the first debate of the new Parliament he showed a greater pre-occupation with party feuds than with constructive policies. Under the conditions which governed the last Parliament this would have been understandable, but conditions have changed and the people who put Mr. King in power with a safe majority would like to see him recognize the fact by forgetting the petty squabbles of the past and concentrating on the rich possibilities of the future. If Mr. King has it in him to conceive and carry out a policy

in harmony with his oft-expressed Liberal aspirations, he will never have a better chance. The country is with him and his luck is in.

### THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION

**T**HE first repercussion of the Imperial Conference in America has been a revival of the idea that Canada should become a member of the Pan-American Union. As reported by the Associated Press, Mr. John Barrett, chairman of the International Pan-American Committee, speaking at Washington on December 13th, said that 'the sole difficulty in the constitution of the Union having been removed by the action of the Imperial Conference and the appointment of His Excellency Vincent Massey as Minister', he felt that 'the way was now open to the realization of a perfect organization and solidarity of the western hemisphere'. And he suggested that the United States and the twenty Governments of Latin America might now invite Canada into the Union which was in effect 'a western hemisphere league of nations'. Mr. Barrett does not expect that any decisive action on so serious a matter will be taken until the agenda is prepared for the next conference of the Union, and in the meantime, no doubt, Canadian opinion will be canvassed and every aspect of the project thoroughly discussed. But we do not see how the cardinal difficulty in the way of Canada joining the Union could be overcome; and that difficulty is made only too clear by the fact that the Union is already regarded by the chairman of its committee as 'a western hemisphere league of nations'. So long as the United States keeps aloof from Geneva, there remains a possibility that the Union may become in time a rival organization to the League of which Canada is already a member. That possibility is a remote one, we hope, but while it exists any invitation to join the Pan-American Union could only be embarrassing to Canada. For the hope of the nations is in one world league for peace and co-operation; the fulfilment of that hope depends on the United States joining the League; and it is impossible that Canada should weaken the League's attraction for America by any action which might strengthen the case for an ambitious but disastrous alternative.

### AN ONTARIO WHEAT POOL

**T**HAT the farmers of Ontario will follow the example of their prairie brethren and market their grain through a pool, was one of the interesting announcements made at the U.F.O. Convention which was recently held in Toronto. The twelve or fifteen million bushels of wheat which represent the annual crop for the province are relatively insignificant when compared with the total for the whole Dominion, but the changing attitude of the eastern farmer which makes co-operative marketing



on a large scale possible is of real importance. It is improbable that a grain pool in Ontario will greatly improve the economic condition of the farmer, but if it is a success he should gain through it invaluable experience in the co-operative handling of farm produce. Wheat is a commodity that is perhaps more easily marketed than any other agricultural product. It is easily graded, keeps well, requires no special attention in storage and transportation, and it can be disposed of in the world market at any time with the greatest ease. If the Ontario farmers can keep a grain pool going for a few years while they develop the technique of associative selling, they will then be in a better position to extend their organization until it covers live-stock and dairy produce, fruit and vegetables, and other products of the land. To make a success of the co-operative selling movement in the East will possibly require a much greater educational effort than was needed on the prairies. The average rural resident of Ontario is rather conservative, very suspicious of innovation, and is not entirely free from the philosophy of 'self-help and ill-will' which according to Mr. Veblen is characteristic of the American farmer.

#### CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH

THE distribution of over two hundred millions in stock dividends to the holders of common stock in the United States Steel Corporation represents the most gigantic Christmas gift in history. Three officials of the corporation between them pocket some nine or ten million dollars, and it may be doubted if even Solomon in all his glory ever made or received donations on such a lavish scale. Apart from the mere vulgar envy of the average man, most comment has been directed to the rumour that the hand-out was made to avoid taxation of the idle surplus capital. But there is another aspect which is of much greater significance. This is the indication that the large corporations which have reached a position of quasi-monopoly intend to increase constantly their capitalization to keep pace with their maximum earning capacity. During the Victorian period of the industrial revolution the most noticeable effect of increased production was the lowering of prices, and Karl Marx saw in a diminishing rate of profit one indication of the inherent instability of capitalism. But perhaps Marx may be pardoned for not realizing that capitalism as he knew it was only in the kindergarten stage. Now that industry has almost arrived at a monopolistic condition, price stabilization is the rule, and competition has no longer any terror for the big industrialist. With expanding capitalization, big business is able to lower production costs by the most advanced technical methods and yet run no risk of a decrease in the rate of profit. If the new plutocracy which is arising in the United States should develop, in the course of another generation, into a

purely parasitic class, genuine democracy in America will have a real fight for existence.

#### GOVERNMENT CONTROL IN ONTARIO

THE result of the Ontario elections in one respect surprised us as much as any of our contemporaries. Not that a Conservative majority under the circumstances was extraordinary, for we were agreeably aware that public opinion had been growing in favour of Government Control as against Prohibition; but we did not expect the majority to be as sweeping and decisive as it proved. While still regretting the state of opinion which permitted the liquor question to exclude every other social and economic issue, we recognize with pleasure that the unexpected landslide at least settled that particular question for years to come. The immediate consequence of the electorate's decision has been a fillip to business in Toronto and other centres of the province. Preparations are already under way for accommodating an unprecedented number of American tourists during the coming season, and we have no doubt that trade will be further stimulated in many directions by a large increase in the number of conventions held in Ontario and by the construction of many more summer homes in its lake and river resorts for our neighbors to the south. To those who are of the dry persuasion, the benefits of these developments may seem questionable; but we see no reason why they should have any but good results. Thousands of anti-prohibitionist Americans will now flock into the province in their holidays, not that they are dipsomaniacs, but because they naturally prefer beer to ice-cream sodas and honest Scotch to red-eye, and also because in a larger way freedom to drink what one likes has become on this continent the touchstone of freedom itself. Both among our visitors and our own people there will always be a few who will abuse their liberty; but the Province of Quebec has succeeded in preventing any wide abuse of the privileges of Government Control, and Ontario should be able to do likewise.

#### P. R. STOCK REMAINS LOW

AT the opening of Parliament the usual comedy was played out regarding our electoral system. Mr. Guthrie complained bitterly that while his party had polled 115,000 more votes than the Liberals, they had secured only 91 seats to the Liberals' 116; he was not, however, in favour of adopting Proportional Representation or the single transferable vote, but he submitted that 'something must be done to remedy the inequality existing in Canada to-day'. Mr. King's sympathy for the victims of this injustice rang rather hollow, and while paying a graceful tribute to the merits of P.R. he gave no indication that any hasty change would be made from the system which had returned him to the Front Bench three times running. So that's that.

## THE KING AND THE COMMONWEALTH

**D**URING the past month the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference has been thoroughly discussed on both sides, or rather on all sides, of the water, and in view of the apprehensions that existed before the delegates met it is a matter for congratulation that the result of their labours should have pleased almost everybody concerned. The reception of the report in Canada has been as cordial as in the other parts of the Commonwealth, and if the diehard elements of the Tory press and party have been free in their criticism of it and sensational in their exaggeration of its consequences they have failed to disturb the national satisfaction at the results achieved.

We share that satisfaction so far as the constitutional side of the Conference is concerned. We expected that the autonomy of the Dominions which already existed in fact would be confirmed on paper, and that has been done. As set forth in the most significant passage of the report, the Dominions are now recognized as 'autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations'. This definition of the Dominions' position might have been an epoch-making event in pre-war days: if it does not seem so to-day it is because the war was the epoch-making event of our time which changed the constitution of the British Empire among many other things.

Although the report has served to clarify the position of the Commonwealth and to eliminate many misconceptions as to the status and responsibilities of its constituent nations, there seems to be some danger of a new misconception arising in some quarters as to the importance of the British Empire. Premier Hertzog has said that the Empire is now 'a mere name', and certainly there is a wide-spread tendency to regard the Commonwealth as having superseded it. That is not so. It will be well for us to remember that the British Empire co-exists with the Commonwealth in the British league of peoples, and that it is still the richest and strongest part of that organization. Take away the self-governing Dominions and there would yet remain the greatest empire the world has seen, governing a quarter of the world's peoples. Take away the Empire and what remains of the organization? Well, the British Commonwealth is a noble structure and the Dominions are its proudest pillars, but they would look rather shaky if the roof fell in.

The most curious and far-reaching feature of the report is that which affects the Crown. As the *Man-*

*chester Guardian* puts it, 'the King displaces the British Government as the formal pivot of the Empire'. In other words, he becomes the head of each State in the Commonwealth in an intimate and national sense that is quite new. This means that his position is now more secure than it has ever been. Even if Britain adopts communism in the next generation she will be a communist monarchy, for, whoever directs her affairs, their first care will be the preservation of good relations with the other communities of the Commonwealth, and the King, as the first common possession of its peoples, will be sacred. Indeed, if the King's new position is viewed in this light, Mr. Wheatley and his friends might well consider the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee as an advance towards the communist society of their dreams; and if the shade of the great Jew was brooding over his old haunts when the Conference was sitting, he must have taken an ironic pleasure in seeing an Irishman, a Boer, and a French Canadian gravely and unconsciously promoting in modern form the ideal England of 'the King and the people' which he abandoned for the Empire that produced them. By making the English King the King of Canada and each other separate Dominion, the statesmen of the Commonwealth have settled any possible doubts as to his future in his oldest realm. England may now go as red as blood, but she will have a king as long as Australia or Canada remains a nation. That is a very queer thing.

## CO-OPERATION—A SUGGESTION

**W**HILE the achievement of the Imperial Conference on constitutional matters has been all that could be desired, we have heard little of its labours on the economic side; and if no more has been accomplished as regards trade and migration within the Commonwealth than we have reason to believe, the general disappointment will be severe. The prevalent impression seems to be that since we have now established happy relations all round, co-operation will follow as a matter of course, and at some vague time in the future our economic problems will be settled without anybody doing anything in particular about them.

If this is so, it is not good enough. Now is the time for co-operation. There never was a time when economic conditions in Great Britain and the Dominions more urgently demanded co-operative effort for the common good. The Dominions are entering on a period of prosperity, but are badly in need of men to develop their natural resources: Britain's great period of prosperity is over, probably never to return, and she has millions more men than she can profitably employ. The credit of both is sound, and there is no real reason why they should not co-operate to exploit to the full the natural wealth of the Dominions

and to transfer Britain's surplus man-power overseas to supply the necessary labour in field and factory. That is to say, there is no real reason save the inertia of Governments and the general cussedness of human nature. When our accursed perversity lands us in disaster, we co-operate as a matter of course. In the Great War the nations of the Commonwealth co-operated to shift five million men overseas, feed and clothe them (and their families at home) and supply them with all the necessary plant and equipment to blow rival plants to bits for four years on end; but in peace time we cannot work up the fifth part of that co-operative effort which would be required to shift the same number of men overseas and make them self-supporting in productive enterprises.

If little was accomplished at the Conference to promote economic co-operation, it is difficult to believe that the main fault was Britain's, for she is so hard pressed that her statesmen must be ready to embrace any reasonable projects for relief put forward. The coal strike has brought home to us all the fact that the mining industry no longer has work for at least three hundred thousand of its men; Mr. Keynes' recent debate with the cotton-kings makes it plain that that industry is in much the same plight; the heavy steel and iron trades remain depressed; and quite apart from these basic industries which run spasmodically on part time, there are over a million workers permanently unemployed. We hope the future holds better things in store for Britain; but if her surplus labour is not drawn off, she cannot expect to maintain her people in prosperity even then unless her birth-rate is pulled down and held down. Now birth control is a sound remedy for the evil of over-population, but it is not a good in itself, and it is ludicrous that while the British race is still virile and prolific its growth should be artificially checked when the British nations overseas not only can accommodate any surplus stock in perpetuity but need it for their proper development.

If the statesmen of the Commonwealth did not combine in making plans to meet this condition, we see no reason why Canada should not turn the circumstances to her account by taking independent action. We await with keenest interest the plans of our new Minister of Immigration, and will not anticipate him with suggestions as to how he should manage his job. But there is one suggestion we would make to the Government for stimulating both immigration and co-operation between British and Canadian interests, and that is that they should take full and prompt advantage of the most powerful instrument of publicity available—the screen.

Mr. Horace T. Hunter of the *Financial Post* has recently suggested that Canada should have an official press agent in London to see that the Dominion was consistently given the utmost publicity in the British

press. That is an excellent idea which might well be carried out. But the press is neither the greatest nor the best medium for the particular purpose we have in view. The screen reaches the great public which only reads the picture papers and the racing extras; it reaches the whole public all the time, and can give a thousand vivid impressions that swiftly build up a complete and lasting picture of the life they portray and the country in which they are produced. At present, unfortunately, the movies are creating for the British public an impression of the enviable fullness of life in the United States; if they are largely responsible for the so-called Americanization of England, they are also responsible for the full quotas of British emigrants that flow yearly into the United States instead of coming to Canada. It seems to us that what is needed is that the British public should be made to realize through this incomparable medium that if America is the land of opportunity, Canada is the most promising part of it; that life in Canada is as full and rich and attractively modern as in the United States, and that Canada has the added advantage of being a British country—a home, as it were, from home, in the real meaning of that homely phrase.

We are not suggesting that this idea could be conveyed by direct propaganda in one and two-reel 'educational' pictures. To get the necessary solid impression it would be essential that the thing was done in a larger and less aggressive manner. What we would like to see would be a Canadian Film Commission operating by means of a Government subsidy a great Canadian picture studio, turning out six and seven-reel pictures that would compete with the best Hollywood productions in the British market; pictures with the same dramatic grip and technical perfection as those of Ernst Lubitsch and Rex Ingram, but which would have their action placed in Canada so that their background would be our Canadian life in all its varied reality; pictures that would kill the hard-dying conception of Canada as the snow-bound Siberia of the New World and substitute a true idea of a progressive, healthy land; pictures in which skyscrapers and swarming motors, crowded ports and roaring cities, old homesteads and new factories, Quebec manors and Niagara orchards, Sunnyside beach and English Bay, fishing fleets and prairie farms and the whole noble Canadian panorama of mountain, lake, and forest would make the scene of dramas in which the protagonists would be Canadian and British actors who would become familiar characters in a familiar and attractive environment, to which British fans would soon be eager to migrate.

Of course, this idea would take a few millions to put into effect, but the money would be well spent, and there is no reason why the Canadian film should not in the end become as paying a public-owned industry as the Ontario Hydro or the National Railways.



### COAL AND THE CONSUMER

**I**N the Canadian household fuel is an item of some importance in the family budget. In the depths of winter we are prepared to face a reasonable amount of zero weather with a fair degree of fortitude, if not with enthusiasm, and when out of doors most of us rather enjoy the sting of frosty air on our faces, and the crunch of dry snow under our feet. But if, while we are in the open air, we do not complain unduly of the cold (and our criticism of the weather is probably not more profuse than that of the peoples of less bracing climes) we do insist that there shall be no hint of frost in the atmosphere of our offices, factories, and homes. There are few of the northern countries where, during the winter months, the interiors of the buildings are kept at such a high temperature as in this Dominion. As in nearly all parts of the country artificial heat is used for a full six months of the year, a large supply of fuel is required to keep our furnaces and cook-stoves going. Although in many of the rural districts hard-wood is still largely used for both heating and cooking, our consumption of coal is increasing yearly, and at the present time we consume some forty million tons annually, which amounts to about four tons per capita.

Although no exact figures are available it is obvious that a fair proportion of this is burned in industrial plants, but it is probable that in the cities and large towns the consumption per capita for heating purposes alone must be between two and three tons. In the urban household, during the winter months fuel will often cost half as much as food, and the sad feature of the situation, from the point of view of the consumer, is that while food now costs about 50 per cent. more than it did before the war, coal, both anthracite and bituminous, is practically twice as high as it was in 1913-14. This increase of price does not apply to the whole of the Dominion, but it does hold true for the central provinces, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, all of which are situated at some distance from the sources of supply. In this section of the country the consumer is keenly interested in the fuel question, and there has been a strong feeling for some time that the Federal Government should take some action to provide a measure of relief for the householder.

So long as the bulk of the coal used in Ontario and Quebec is imported from the United States there can be no possibility of a reduction in prices and there is good reason to believe that with the depletion of the anthracite fields the cost of imported coal is likely to advance. The only solution would seem to be the greater utilization of our domestic supplies of bituminous coal, and this means that for the central provinces it is almost entirely a transportation problem. In the report of the Duncan Commission it was re-

commended that the Government should assist in the establishment of plants for the coking of Nova Scotia coal, and included in the Speech from the Throne was the announcement: 'My government has continued to give special attention to the fuel problem, and measures providing for assistance to works constructed for the production of domestic coke from Canadian coal will be submitted'. What form this assistance will take can only be a matter for surmise until the legislation is brought down in the House; but any proposal to subsidize private coking establishments will meet with little approval in Ontario or the western provinces. On the other hand, the construction of municipally-owned plants with Federal assistance might prove to be a real contribution towards the solution of our fuel problems. The greatest potential market for Maritime coal is Ontario, and the building of coking plants in this province would be a first step towards the realization of the market for the Nova Scotian producer. But in order to compete on favourable terms with the American bituminous coal and coke it will be necessary to reduce the present transportation costs, and we believe that this can be done by shipping the coal by water from Sydney Mines and Glace Bay direct to the lake ports. With modern unloading machinery installed at the larger ports on the lakes the coal could be handled at a low cost. If coal from Nova Scotia could be profitably shipped to England during the strike, in competition with American coal, there seems to be no reason why it could not be landed in Toronto at a price which would compare favourably with that imported from the United States.

While the material difficulties in the way of shipping coal from the Maritimes to Ontario could probably be met without too much difficulty, it must be realized that there is a great network of special interests which would oppose any serious attempt to change the flow of fuel to East-to-West from its present course of South-to-North. A large reduction in our American imports would materially affect the freight receipts of our railways, and the distributing agencies would probably be resentful towards any move to alter the direction of the channels of trade. However, the building up of the coal industry in Nova Scotia and the supplying of millions of people in central Canada with fuel at a reasonable price is somewhat more important than the preservation of profits for a few of the vested interests, and we trust that the Government will not be unduly influenced by the special pleading of these interests when dealing with the fuel problem. There are two special classes of people who should be kept in mind when any action is taken: first, the producer, and over ten per cent. of the workers of Nova Scotia are employed in coal-mining; secondly, the consumers in Ontario and Quebec, and the consumers of fuel in these two provinces number more than half the population of Canada.

## THE AMERICAN EMPIRE

BY ROBERT AYRE

ON your left, gentlemen—on your right, too; in fact, north, south, east and west of you—you have the great American Empire. There is nothing like it on earth; history cannot show its equal. Its people are not unconscious of its greatness, but they do not know the half: it has never occurred to them that they have an empire on their hands; they call it a republic. They pattern their Washington on Rome, and are proud to call New York Babylon and think of Boston as a sort of Athens, but they do not realize that it is needless inferiority to respect these ancient cities, and worse than obsequious to set themselves a mark by giving some of their towns such names as Carthage and Troy. They do not realize that Julius Caesar conquered less—and with greater loss in the conquering—than they have conquered; that as an empire-builder Alexander was a rooster in the barnyard compared with Henry Ford. They lack the consciousness of true imperialism.

It is not a mere figure of speech to call the United States an empire, not a mere deference to its bulk from Atlantic to Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior. Nor is it simply taking note of the Philippines, Hawaii, and Alaska (to say nothing of Guam). In truth, the American Empire holds sway in Peking as in Philadelphia, in Copenhagen as in Hollywood, in Baghdad as in Kansas City.

Rome, Persia, Greece, Spain, Britain—they all shed blood, fought, schemed, stole, colonized to get their dominions. The Empire of the West has not had to stoop to any of these means. Instead of going abroad and gobbling up the world, she waited for the world to come to her and gobbled it up in comfort at home. Caesar marched with the eagle and laid fire over Gaul, followed by Roman roads and Roman laws. Soon he had the natives talking Latin and wearing the latest cut in Roman sandals. The States invited Romans, French, Danes, and Doukhobors alike to come to the eagle's eyrie and make themselves at home. Without the fire and the blood the new Empire soon had all the conquered nations singing mammy songs, drinking coca cola, and putting their eyes out with fire crackers on the Fourth of July. Just as the office-seeking Briton in the fifties B.C. put an 'us' at the end of his name and was insulted if you mistook him for other than a *civus Romanus*, so did the Schwartzes become Blacks and swagger as 100 per cent. Americans before their poor relations back in Darkest Europe. Their ancient gods and heroes were scrapped with their funny foreign clothes, and their children bowed down to Babe Ruth and the Father of Their Country. Could Caesar have conquered more efficiently? The only difference is that the new Em-

pire could say to them 'Go back to Europe if you're fool enough. You're free.' But the fact is they are not free. How could a man who has grown used to Childs', Woolworth's, prohibition, the subways, the hope of one day being President, and the other amenities of civilization go back to dingy old Europe and enjoy it? Caesar would have said, 'Rome has brought you civilization, and, by Jupiter, Rome isn't going to let you drop back into darkness in a hurry! Fall into line there!' And fall into line they would, cursing Rome and plotting her overthrow. But the insidious thing about the American civilization is that it is, on the surface, free, and the conquered nations are forced into a desire for it. Like baldness, once caught there is no escape from it.

And not only has Mahomet brought the mountain into his backyard, but he has gone out to the mountain as well. That stupid part of the world that wouldn't come over to be conquered has been conquered anyway, though with the same lack of slaughter. The American Empire has, instead of looting the treasure chests of the world, made the world tributary to her by lending it money. Ask the Frenchman if this isn't true. Everybody knows the imperial dollar. So we'll let that pass. We won't discuss war debts or oil, steel or cotton or corn flakes, or any of the other financial means of conquest. The real conquest has come about, not with dollars or airplanes or legionaries, but with the great American machine of aggression—standardization. Caesar's methods were childish in comparison with this. He did not say 'I am Latinizing Europe'. He used the word *vici*. How infinitely more subtle and penetrating is Americanization! The Roman yoked the people and forced his ideas on them. The result was destruction for Rome. The American sent forth Jiggs and Maggy and Doug and Mary. A puny army to conquer the world for the Empire! But conquer the world it did. As reinforcements, out marched the Rotarian phalanxes, grins unsheathed; and what they didn't do was done by the terrorism of the jazz bands. These, along with the kodak, Christian Science, Singer sewing-machines, and the Ford car have swept the world off its feet into the grab bag of the great Empire.

So if there are any in the United States preposterous enough to have an inferiority complex and a distaste for Imperialism, let them be still; they might as well object to their own particular sex. If anybody in the Dominion of Canada fears annexation by the United States, let him sit down in resignation: he, with the rest of the world, is already annexed. The chauvinists of the British Empire would be advised

to take Dean Inge for their prophet, for what is their glory but a tallow dip in the great light of the world-enveloping American Empire? And Mussolini is

gently counselled to go back to his tin soldiers and building blocks. His methods are as out of date as crossbows.

## A NEW ONTARIO

BY H. MUNRO THOMAS

THE challenge of Prohibition is two-fold. To express it generally, and consequently inaccurately, it is first of all the challenge of the Methodist-Presbyterian-Baptist social outlook to the more careless, and until recently more graceful, one of the past. Secondly, it is the challenge of rural Ontario to urban Ontario. When we look further to see the inaccuracies in this statement, we find that by rural Ontario we mean almost exclusively that Protestant rural Ontario that is usually dominated by the United Church. And when we say urban Ontario, we mean a majority of urban Ontario composed of religious and social conservatives, with a more recent and incongruous alliance of Jews and foreigners. In other words, a sort of middle class of Ontario is Prohibitionist. Because the social classes of Ontario no longer assert themselves by religion or even by race as exactly as they used to do, this middle class is not a grade in the social hierarchy, although it comes close to being a social caste. The anti-prohibition movement is not a class movement in just the way many U.F.O. people imagine. Prohibitionism is not exactly a rural movement, its temper is rather 'Grit-tish,' if Mr. Nickle will pardon what might be considered libel. It includes men of graceful demeanour and of humour. Prohibitionists form a vertical, not a horizontal middle class, although they exclude the so-called proletariat.

So, at first glance, it might seem that Prohibition merely continues in a new form the first political struggle of Ontario. This was the struggle of a century ago, led by the newer immigrant, by the non-official, non-military, and often the American immigrant. This type of pioneer often had a dour religion, for it was at that time that the Church of England, and to a less extent the Church of Scotland, lost the numerical predominance one might have expected from the immigration statistics. With this puritanism came a democratic, unsatisfied, and consequently dour, political creed. Finally, to the great glory of these pioneers, in most cases they shared a dour and courageous habit of life which gave the pioneers of Ontario a dignity and a social sobriety which more recent pioneers of our country have not achieved.

This element by no means always became 'Liberal' in politics. The 'Family Compact', which eschewed them socially and often religiously, gave them one of

the best governments a pioneer community has had. No state north of the Rio Grande has had an abler or more practical pioneer government than Upper Canada enjoyed in her early days. This meant that conservatism came to be half of the democratic tradition of Ontario. With the passing of the 'Family Compact' group new men came to responsibility, but there was no revolution. The grant of Responsible Government and the issue of the Clergy Reserves removed the fundamental social cleavage from the realm of practical politics.

Now it is this cleavage that has re-arisen. The Anglican social temper (by no means identical with members of the Church of England; I use the adjective as a social not as an ecclesiastical label)—the Anglican stands over against the Puritan. This is surely the basis of the Prohibition division among those of British stock in Ontario, for the Scots merely repeat in their own terms the same divisions of the more conservative Anglo-Canadians. Prohibition, if not entirely of United States origin, is peculiarly American. Opposition to Prohibition gains force from the transatlantic element in our tradition.

So it is that socially-conscious and irritated rural Ontario gives political leadership to Prohibition; it is the United Church of Canada which gives it its fervour and most of its flavour; it is the Conservative party, the peculiarly Anglo-Canadian party, which is rent in two by the controversy.

But the Prohibitionist cleavage in Ontario is more than a split in the Conservative party. It is more than the revival of the politico-social cleavage of our early history. Any list of the so-called 'wet' members of the legislature will immediately betray the fact that against Prohibition there is much more than a socially Anglican tradition.

Now, there is a point of view in Ontario which has made her at times unpopular outside. It is perhaps most clearly expressed in what is sometimes inaccurately called the 'Toronto point of view'. This includes as a major premise that Ontario is particularly the British province: proudly English-speaking, fruitfully British in political traditions, with an admitted Protestant supremacy. Most of the early struggles in Ontario were between two lines of social development within this one tradition. It was safe to be liberal in Ontario, for Ontario was imperialist; it was safe to be democratic, for Ontario was anti-



American; it was safe to attempt uniform and compulsory education, for Ontario was at heart Protestant.

Now, historically, this point of view is very reasonable. Ontario came into existence for the express purpose of creating a British, if not English, preserve north of the Great Lakes. Here the two great traditions of Whig and Tory, both equally British, found expression in a tempered Canadian fashion, and here they found typical Canadian warfare. Occasionally the social ingredients of the two parties of the one loyalty were exposed when a question arose like Clergy Reserves, or in our day like Prohibition. But it was all a local British-Canadian problem.

This is no longer the case. Ontario has ceased to be a Britannic preserve, with its Ulster fighting heart between the Don and the Humber. It is not as safe as it was, politically, to be a Liberal in Toronto, it is not as safe to be ultra-democratic in Western Ontario, it is not as safe to be in favour of uniform education in Eastern Ontario. Non-imperial, American, and French-Canadian elements have not only come in (they did that from the beginning), but they have themselves become Ontarian. New Ontario and Eastern Ontario are peculiarly unlike the British preserve marked out by General John Graves Simcoe. Even the Ontario-born man himself, simply because he is Ontario-born, and the son of an Ontario-born, and often the great-grandson of an American-born, is not as British as his pioneer grandfather: not British in the same way at least. The Anglican social tradition, the individualistic economic opportunism, the English speech, the Protestant faith, take on new meaning against a changing background. The left wing of the English tradition has attached to it the non-English elements to a considerable degree, so provoking the taunt that it is un-British. And this is a valid gibe in Ontario, which was born for no other purpose than to be British.

No longer do we have an Ontario allied with Quebec against the United States, but an Ontario, partly French and much more Americanized, trying to solve economic and social problems without a common economic and social tradition. There was an unbreakable political unity embracing the political struggles of a century ago. Wild Lyon Mackenzie found just how unbreakable it was, and his peculiar hammer against our polity would be equally futile to-day. But we are not facing the same problems. We are facing, as the U.F.O. has perhaps seen more clearly than some other political groups, economic and social problems. We have no economic and social unity to contain them comparable to the British political unity in the days when Upper Canada was a transplanted Britain. We are now a miniature Canada in ourselves. The politico-economic sectionalism of our

national life, which Mr. Soulsby drew to our attention\* is duplicated in Ontario by an economic disjointedness and a social mosaic. This at the very time we are trying to solve social problems.

Is it time for something to be done about it? That is a question for the politician, both the secular and the religious politician, to answer. But in facing Prohibition, as we are coming to face our rural problems, is not the first duty the student's to find a standard of measurement? We are doing so for our rural problems largely because the farmers' movement included students and also challenged students outside. Should we not face the amazing cleavage and social indiscipline gathered about the Prohibition question in the same way, not in a spirit of compromise (for there is no compromise between Prohibition and non-Prohibition), but with an intelligible notion of a social Ontario? Ontario must either accept the new elements in our midst and adjust our own Britannic divisions to them, or else return with much more grimness than most people dare suggest to the original purpose of a British Protestant Ontario. There we might solve our drinking with much more compromise than is possible between American intransigence and French imperviousness. Prohibition or non-Prohibition must be faced as a problem for all and for an actual Ontario. Our political history suggests that even a graceful and efficient oligarchy must give way to social facts in the British tradition. Can we find a similar dissolution of the Prohibition problem in a society at peace, which will be on the highway to gracefulness again as soon as it is at peace? May not the new alliance of the dominant Anglican and Catholic traditions over Prohibition generate a new social geniality which may help towards a solution in the long future which will certainly be required? And may not the new realism of the United Church of Canada find a more humanistic social ideal, now that its political strength removes all cause to remember social bitterness and social mistakes of the past?

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\*'Sectionalism and a National Policy,' by E. J. Soulsby: THE CANADIAN FORUM, November, 1926.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM is published by a committee of people interested in public affairs, science, art, and literature, and more particularly in the newer developments of those aspects of life in this country. The committee is composed of the following members:

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## BETWEEN THE MYTHS

BY MACK EASTMAN

*Being some further observations on the origins of the war.—ED. THE CANADIAN FORUM.*

I AM sure the readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM were grateful to me for having drawn from Professor Barnes, in form of a rejoinder<sup>1</sup>, an article so well worthy of the subject, the author, and his readers, and providing in all these points a happy contrast with the original diatribe, on which I had felt constrained to offer some friendly observations.

Mr. Barnes is a criminologist of repute, and my objections formed the necessary complement to his attorney-like indictment of Allied rascality; but although I was moralizing against the moralizer, this does not mean that my suggestions were at any point 'preposterous', 'astounding', or sophistical. As my reply took frankly the form of a counterblast to a rabid arraignment, it made no effort, as Mr. Barnes correctly remarks, to show 'just why [I] should hold that France, Russia and England bear any responsibility whatever'. That was not my task then, nor can I undertake it now. I accept for myself the advice I gave my readers in the April-number: 'The public will do well to suspend judgment a while longer until the French and British archives are more largely at our disposal, and until a few historically-minded men<sup>2</sup> . . . have finally digested the whole subject and given us its essentials. The truth resides somewhere between the old myth and the new'. While taking cognizance of the books, articles, and documents which pour monthly from the press, I remain sceptical of the 'absolute proofs' of Mr. Barnes and similar enthusiasts, and hold still to my pre-war forecast that 'the immediate responsibilities will be evenly divided, or all tangled together and scientifically inseparable'—like the responsibilities for all other large-scale wars and complications.

For these War documents are to us as was the Bible to our forbears—with a new Book of Revelations added at least once a month. Like scholastics of the Middle Ages or theologians of the Reformation, we may oppose text to text and system to system. To Mr. Barnes' fifteen points I could reply with a contradicting set of extracts and authorities. For example, I say the mobilization question is 'very debatable'. Mr. Barnes snorts: 'Pure sophistry!' I now retort: 'But it is being debated! Witness only the articles by Altschul and Grelling in *Current History*

for June and September'. Mr. Barnes could argue still. Only on rare occasions is his absolute rightness absolutely wrong, as when in Point 3 his inexperience leads him to ignore the fact familiar to every 'Dough-boy' that uniforms are a part of 'military equipment', and that flaming colours are more to be dreaded than defective rifles; or as when in Point 6 he confidently affirms that 'with respect to foreign affairs the French President is certainly more powerful and independent than the American President', and then rashly refers me to 'the illuminating article' by Professor Lindsey Rogers in the *Political Science Quarterly* for last December. This scholarly article, accurate in every respect, evidently failed to illuminate Mr. Barnes, for it contradicts him almost rudely. It shows how impossible it has always been for a French President to assert himself except with the acquiescence of Premier and Cabinet. In 1924 President Millerand, who alone had dared to compare 'the French and American conceptions of the Presidency to the discredit of the former' and to advocate a revision of the Constitution in the American direction, was roughly turned out of office by Herriot and the new Chamber of Deputies. Thus, concludes Professor Rogers, 'the idea of French Presidency on the American model has been dealt a blow from which recovery will be delayed'. In course of his study he makes it clear that in 1913-14 Poincaré's exceptional influence with European diplomats was dependent upon the fact that 'no disavowals or public criticism showed that the Cabinet differed with or objected to the policies of the President'. Later during the Peace Conference, we see this same 'powerful personality' relegated to impotent obscurity by the Clemenceau Government (while his American counterpart holds the centre of the stage and, with unrivalled though short-lived power and independence, determines momentous and enduring decisions whose scope is world-wide).

Mr. Barnes' lapse of memory with regard to this article may be attributable to his obsession with M. Poincaré's gigantic historical proportions. Carlyle's hero-worship is as nothing to Mr. Barnes' devil-worship which exalts the little Lorrainer far above the 'Corsican Adventurer' in world-wrecking achievement. Perhaps it is this conception of contemporary history, so paradoxical in a professor of Historical Sociology, which subconsciously forces Mr. Barnes to find 'absolute proof' of the 'completely arbitrary way in which Poincaré controlled the action of France' during the supreme crisis and incited Russia to war (Points 8 and 6). If he has 'absolute proof' it should be easy to produce. Bernadotte Schmitt<sup>3</sup>, in his re-

<sup>1</sup>August number, p. 336.

<sup>2</sup>A Canadian reader has asked me to recommend a list of four books settling forth the revisionist points of view. I venture to recommend:

- (a) Fabre-Luce: *LA VICTOIRE* (Paris, 1924).
- (b) Barnes: *THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR* (N.Y., Knopf, 1926)—with especial attention to the excellent preface.
- (c) A book which Professor Sidney B. Fay may have published before this note is printed.
- (d) Another summary, by Professor G. P. Gooch, to appear shortly.

<sup>3</sup>FOREIGN AFFAIRS (N.Y.), October, 1926.

view of Mr. Barnes' book, declares boldly, 'There is not a document which warrants any such assertion.' Other specialists, likewise. Mr. Barnes may be right, but a good guess is not an absolute proof. I am not 'attacking' this gallant controversialist: I am merely scolding his headlong haste. If he could only learn to hold his horses, he would be less likely to upset his chariot.

In Point 13 he candidly declares: 'I have not changed my opinions any more rapidly than the accumulation of new documents would warrant'. But who is going to guarantee him against the further accumulation of new documents and against further changes in his own opinion? It is a perilous adage which says: Twice armed is he whose cause is just, but thrice armed he who gets his book out first.

Let us now turn back to the beginning of Mr. Barnes' 'rejoinder', where, after a characteristically generous personal tribute, for which I thank him cordially, he concludes in favour of disqualifying me for the discussion on the ground of my ardent Francophilia. Let me first plead guilty to this charge, but, like the American Senate, with reservations. To Francophobes, I appear Francophile; to Germanophobes, Germanophile; to Americanophobes, Americanophile; to Russophobes, pro-Bolshevik. Did not the Apostle say, 'I am made all things to all men'? This I hold to be especially the duty of professors of contemporary history, who may well have grave misgivings if they find themselves always drifting with the currents. 'Public opinion' is too often national prejudice or collective emotion whipped into action over material interests, real or imaginary. It is nearly always in extremes. The Professor's task should be to moderate it, correct it, and often to oppose it.

The dark 'career' which Mr. Barnes says rules me out, consists of three years in Paris at the university and in the Archives, during which period I confess to having taken an intense interest in French politics, domestic and foreign. However, if he had the slightest personal acquaintance with France, Mr. Barnes could not have framed such a paradoxical phrase as 'zeal for all things French'. France is the country *par excellence* of antitheses and contrasts. Your zeal for one thing French excludes zeal for its negation. In my time zeal for Jean Jaurès excluded zeal for Maurice Barrès; zeal for the international outlook of the Left excluded zeal for the foreign policies of the Right. The Frenchmen I approved were Germanophile, just as the Germans I approved were Franco-philic; and both categories strove toward international collaboration. A man who to-day in international relations is pro-Briand-Painlevé-Herriot must of necessity have been anti-Poincaré both before and after the War, (although that does not oblige him to believe that M. Poincaré is as conscious a malefactor or as stupendous a world-mover as Mr. Barnes affirms).

It is none the less true that, whatever his sympathies in the matter of present policies, it is quite possible for a student of history to depict French affairs with sufficient objectivity; and if Mr. Barnes had ever read my war-time or peace-time articles<sup>1</sup>, he would never have charged me with zeal for *all* things French, or expected me to share his innocent and horrified surprise at 'secret' treaties, or compared my slender studies with Professor Hazen's manual. A glance at my last chapter<sup>2</sup> in another textbook would show how my tone differs from Hazen's in treating of Franco-German relations. The essential task of the historical writer, and especially of the textbook writer, is to explain rather than to judge, for judgments are usually subjective and tendentious. Moralizing is unscientific, although counter-moralizing (as in my first reply to Mr. Barnes on his critique of Professor Hazen) may occasionally prove salutary. Mr. Barnes would be amused to know that when I was in the front-line trenches, one of the charges of pro-Germanism brought against me was on the ground that I had recommended the use in the high schools of *Outlines of European History*—that epoch-making textbook by our great teachers, Robinson and Beard—which did not moralize with sufficient unction against Germany. I recall such points merely to illustrate the fact that not all North-American history-men lost their balance in war-time, and that study abroad cannot very well fill the student with undying zeal for *all* things pertaining to the countries in which he studies.

For that is the prejudice implicit in Mr. Barnes' accusation—a prejudice which others have defended in print. Recently I read an ingenious Irish argument which held that a Dublin student interested in the Japanese problem in California should study it only from Dublin, for fear that if he went to California he would become imbued with zeal either for all things American or for all things Japanese. This attitude may commend itself to Mr. Barnes and some Canadians, but it implies a reversal of all our ideas about post-graduate studies in history and the un-

<sup>1</sup>To mention only three typical cases:

- (a) UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO MONTHLY, June, July, 1910: a photograph of French political parties.
- (b) THE NEW REVIEW, N.Y. (now defunct), October 1915: another photograph: French Politics and the War.
- (c) THE GRAIN-GROWERS' GUIDE, Winnipeg, May, 1914: an appeal to Canadian farmers and trades-unionists to join hands with the anti-war organizations of Europe against an impending catastrophe arising out of the politico-economic rivalries of European groups and the consequent competition in armaments.

<sup>2</sup>Written at close of 1923. For example p. 747: 'Unfortunately, the Chamber of Deputies, elected in 1919, retained its war-time psychology, hearkened to its eminent military counsellors, and measured security in terms of military strength. There remained none the less surely the liberal France, which in time would regain the ascendancy, and which might indeed make its voice heard in the choice of the new Chamber in 1924' (West's WORLD PROGRESS—Canadian Edition, Allyn and Bacon).



rivalled stimulus and mental discipline of a changed intellectual environment.

At all events, in his brave struggle toward impartiality, this is the attitude which Mr. Barnes has adopted practically, although he delicately refrains from capitalizing it boldly in his rejoinder. In a foreword to his article in *Current History* of May, 1924, he 'authorised the statement that he had never had German or Austrian affiliations either in study or in any personal relationship . . .'; and the text of the article showed that this was only too true. It also suggested that he had scant personal knowledge of England, France, or Europe in general. Otherwise he might not have been so indiscriminately anti-German, 'pro-English and pro-French' when the long-threatening struggle finally began. Nor would he have been in a position to avow (or to boast) with good-humoured candour that he had 'in the summer of 1917, . . . aided a bullet manufacturer in preparing for the National Security League almost as absurd and misleading an account of the background of the war as that which appeared in Professor Hazen's text'.<sup>1</sup>

I do not think Mr. Barnes is much addicted to the *argumentum ad hominem*; it is awkward when the *homo* argues back. However, this time he chose this weapon playfully to put me *hors de combat*, not even caring whether it were a boomerang. These then are some of Mr. Barnes' especial claims to competence and impartiality in this 'emotion-charged' question: (1) that in 1917 he believed and wrote stuff and nonsense against the national enemy, (2) that only in 1920 did Sidney B. Fay awake him from his 'dogmatic slumbers', (3) that he remained till 1926 evidently innocent of all personal contact with Europe—coming over this year not to learn but to teach, (4) that while he had produced numerous and remarkable works in sociology, criminology, social and intellectual history, he had never found time for even a fleeting volume on contemporary Europe by way of preparation for the *Genesis of the World War*, (5) that by an ingenious reversal of the genetic method advocated by the 'New History', having first built the superstructure in his *Genesis of the World War*, he is now preparing to lay the foundations in a volume to be entitled 'Ten Years: 1905-1914', (6) that finding himself in the entirely new and unfamiliar field of contemporary European history he, nevertheless, thanks to his phenomenal capacity for labour and unquestioning self-confidence, has devoured in record time the bulk of War Origins literature, and (7), as a guarantee of his complete detachment, impartiality and international outlook, he has told a German nationalist gathering, presided over by the nationalist

(Continued on page 122)



#### 'MAKING LITERATURE HUM'

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

In your last issue an otherwise comparatively unexceptionable and platitudinous article by Mr. Douglas Bush was marred by an introductory sneer at the Canadian Authors' Association which showed so grave an ignorance of the aims and activities of the C.A.A. that a word of protest is imperative.

Mr. Bush assumes that the annual conventions of the Association are mawkish with mutual adulation and that a Canadian Book Week is conducted for the purpose of extravagant self-praise. This is the sort of distorted conception which is perhaps natural to an ex-Canadian, writing from an exalted seclusion among the Brahmins of Massachusetts; but it constitutes a most regrettable libel.

The Canadian Authors' Association was founded in 1921 for the specific purpose of opposing an iniquitous Copyright Act by which certain sinister interests had robbed the native author of a clear title to his own work and had disgraced Canada in the eyes of foreign authors. For five years the Association has been breaking lances in this fight for justice, and the end is not yet. Of all this, Mr. Bush knows, or says, nothing.

It was assumed also that such a nation-wide organization might achieve subsidiary ends (a) by annual educational campaigns, seeking to give the Canadian public a nodding acquaintance with the literature that we already possess and so build up a sympathetic audience for the writers of the present and the future, (b) by fostering mutual acquaintance and encouragement, and (c) by a joint study of literature and the problems of authorship. In the prosecution of these ends the Association has been frequently compromised by certain nondescript camp-followers—utilitarian scribblers, rhapsodical spinsters, and pushful dowagers, as well as by the left-handed co-operation in Book Week of certain publishers, whose purposes are naturally mercenary and whose weapon is the blurb. I can assure Mr. Bush, however, that most of the leaders of the C.A.A. have been men with as few illusions as himself regarding the shortcomings of Canadian literature. Among these, some of Canada's most eminent men of letters, the academicism of whose own writings proves the absence of ulterior motives, have gratuitously given countless hours of laborious and unselfish service to the Association. They have toiled for justice in the present; for an intelligent public sympathy that would find harvest in the future. And in the three last annual conventions, while mutual good-fellowship has prevailed, there has been little evidence of reciprocal back-scratching and head-patting, little disposition to rate Canadian work above a creditable average. Of all this, Mr. Bush knows, or says, nothing.

As for Canadian Book Week, the general aim, especially in recent years, has been educational, and the greater part of the effort, so far as the C.A.A. is concerned, has been exerted by members with no commercial interest in the field. There has, of course, been frequent zeal without knowledge; there have been fatuous utterances by embarrassing allies; but once again those in the responsible councils of the Association have been singing 'Whis-

<sup>1</sup> NEW REPUBLIC, March, 1924.

pering Hope' rather than the 'Hallelujah Chorus'. To indict a nation for the perversities of its jingo press is far less culpable than to indict a well-meaning Society for the aberrations of some of its members. Of all this, Mr. Bush knows, or says, nothing.

Even in his legitimate strictures on Canadian literature in general, Mr. Bush's adolescent love of salt has betrayed him into deluging the dish beyond all reason. It is true that we have poets without intellect. It is true that we have critics who will glibly quote Croce in order to sneer down any wistful academic pleas for absolute standards in literature. Let Mr. Bush pillory these to his heart's content. But it is surely treasonous for him to say sweepingly that the best that Canadian books can hope for abroad is 'tempered praise, as good for Canada', when Canadian history, economics, and science are given almost equal credit with the work of the Old Land, when Denison's dramas are accredited in Moscow, and the *Times Literary Supplement* has just hailed Miss de la Roche's latest novel as 'Hardyesque' and 'a striking book'. Moreover, Mr. Bush gives no credit to the long line of devoted Canadian scholars, from MacMechan in Halifax out to Clark in Vancouver, whose teachings and work have set forth with equal penetration and far more sanity and balance the cultural ideal for which he pleads.

But this slight remonstrance over looseness and rashness of statement is not my main purpose. I have written rather to protect the Authors' Association from the superciliousness of smart ignorance.

Yours, etc.,

Winnipeg.

WATSON KIRKCONNELL.

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

I have just finished reading your December issue.

I am much interested in an article by Douglas Bush, 'Making Literature Hum'. I agree in the main with this writer's attitude to books of Canadian authorship. For the last six years on the public platform, and, I hope, more effectively in my office, I have been protesting that Canadian books should neither be written nor bought merely because they are Canadian: that the only attitude of mind which can serve the cause of Canadian letters effectively is that Canadian books should be published and Canadian books should be bought only if they are good books measured by the yardstick of European and in some sort (the better) American standards. To buy Canadian books merely because they are Canadian is just as illogical and misguided patriotism as 'My country, right or wrong', to which phrase Mr. Chesterton correlated 'My mother, drunk or sober'.

But, at the risk of being immodest, I should like to suggest that Douglas Bush look at the Canadian books listed in the Autumn and Winter list of books published by the Macmillans in Canada, over whose affairs I preside. There are:

WINNOWNED WISDOM, by Stephen Leacock.

DELIGHT, by Mazo de la Roche.

CANADIAN FOOTPRINTS, by M. O. Hammond.

APPRAISALS OF CANADIAN LITERATURE, by Lionel Stevenson.

THE CHURCH AND ITS REACTIONS WITH SCIENCE, by Sir Bertram Windle.

EARLY DAYS IN UPPER CANADA, by W. A. Langton.

AESOP IN VERSE, by J. E. Wetherell.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF STORIES, by Maude E. Paterson.

EYES OF A GIPSY, by J. Murray Gibbon.

CANADIAN HOUSES OF ROMANCE, by Katherine Hale.

TITANS: TWO POEMS, by E. J. Pratt.

HENRY JAMES: MAN AND AUTHOR, by Palham Edgar.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE MAKING, by S. H. Hooke.

CANADIAN PLAYS FROM HART HOUSE THEATRE, Vol. I.

UNKNOWN FAIRIES OF CANADA, by 'Maxine'.

A CANADIAN ART MOVEMENT, by F. B. Housser.

ENGLISH PROSE SELECTIONS, by W. L. MacDonald.

SAPPHO AND PHAON, by Marian Osborne.

FLIGHT COMMANDER STORK AND OTHER VERSES, by Marian Osborne.

TOTO AND THE GIFT, by Katherine Adams.

A CANADIAN MANOR AND ITS SEIGNEURS, by George M. Wrong.

THE DICTIONARY OF CANADIAN BIOGRAPHY, compiled by W. S. Wallace.

THE MOUNTAIN OF JADE, by Irwin and Stefansson.

THE WHITE LEADER, by Constance L. Skinner.

Recent Canadian books published before this autumn by our house are:

THE FINE ARTS IN CANADA, by Newton MacTavish.

THE GLAMOUR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, by H. Glynn-Ward.

THE WITCHES' BREW, by E. J. Pratt.

CANDID CHRONICLES, by Hector Charlesworth.

ICE AGES, RECENT AND ANCIENT, by Arthur P. Coleman.

CANADIAN STATESMEN SERIES, edited by W. S. Wallace.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, by W. S. Wallace.

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, by Alexander Brady.

CANADIAN MEN OF ACTION SERIES, edited by W. S. Wallace.

SIR ISAAC BROOK, by Hugh S. Eayrs.

DAVID THOMPSON, by Charles Cochrane.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN, by Ralph Fleuley.

As far as in me lies, I have tried to see that the decision to publish the books listed above has been based upon the judgment of competent people, who regard this matter of publishing books of Canadian authorship as I do.

One word more: I should be prepared to submit the criticism (in most cases) of such British papers as the *Times Literary Supplement*, the *Spectator*, the *Scotsman*, and the *London Observer*, and American papers such as Dr. Canby's *Literary Review*, as evidence that these books were worth publishing.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto.

HUGH S. EAYRS.

### 'REVOLUTION BY REASON'

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The very interesting review of Mr. Strachey's *Revolution by Reason* leads one to consider certain modern tendencies of the 'war' generation to question the present state of affairs. There appears to be a ferment working in public opinion, and with our present dissemination of the news by press and radio, it is spreading over our now seemingly too small world. Small for the reason that our leading nations are grabbing all the remaining portions as 'spheres of influence.' The seed sown by the Industrial Revolution is now bearing fruit. Waking up from the fevered race of Industrialism, we find the world too small a place for us all to sell our surplus products therein. But having for so long used our own people as producers of 'surplus' goods, we are at a loss how to manage now that the market for the surplus is restricted. Strachey's plea to 'enlarge the home demand' is becoming quite common. America is enlarging it by 'selling on time.' To a student of social and economic problems, not devoid of humour, there are many moments of mirth when he reads of the natural law of 'self interest' that, led by an invisible hand, finally resulted in the benefit of all—or of the 'iron law'

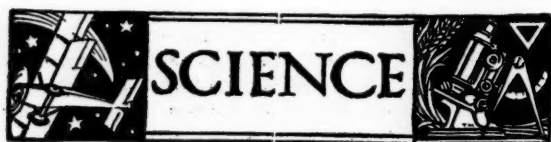
of wages that resulted in cheap labour—or when he reads of the 'scientific' unhampered search for Truth made by so many of our economists, and which resulted at the best only in a logical and well written 'Apology' for the present 'soul destroying' process in so far as most of the wage earners were concerned.

Henshaw Ward in *Throbbing* and J. A. Hobson in *Free Thought in the Social Sciences* have not hesitated to cast a few rocks at the most tempting spots in the scientific expositions of things as they are. Langdon Davies (*New Age of Faith*, p. 27) points out a serious weakness of our present social system: cheap labour is valuable in an industrial community, if accumulation of wealth is considered, it leads to large fortunes and to greater buildings; but we forget cheap labour also means bad housing of labour, bad housing means bad health, and bad health, degeneracy—'which finally undermines the tallest skyscrapers'. All revolutions have been made by the Pharaohs who demanded 'bricks but would not furnish the straw'. Man has at all times fancied his social system for the time being as permanent, forgetting that all systems as all laws are merely by the consent of the governed. And in our present time we have Science standing, a too competent servant, behind her wrangling, underbred masters, holding out resources, devices, and remedies *they are too stupid to use!* We are trying to distribute by way of competitive methods the products we are virtually producing by co-operative effort. We are trying to run a twentieth century civilization on eighteenth century ideas. Strachey's book may prove to be another stone thrown into the pond that will cause a turmoil among the poor fish that live there.

Lafleche, Sask.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE DOUGLAS.



### PROPHECY AND MACHINES\*

**W**HEN the scintillations of the 'To-day and To-morrow' series have spent themselves, and signs are not wanting that this little rocket is on its way back to earth, it might be no less effective if a similar fire-display carried into the sky of public scrutiny the title 'To-day and Yesterday'. The present age has achieved much. Its fact-knowledge is greater than that of any age in history. It is, however, timid with its own significance and holds little promise of attaining either peace or wisdom. The contemplation of its own importance which is implied in 'to-day and to-morrow' might advantageously be balanced by a consideration of the many ways in which yesterday is richer than to-day.

Prophecy is a pastime whose appeal is at best short-

\*OUROBOROS, OR THE MECHANICAL EXTENSION OF MANKIND, by Gareth Garrett.

HEPHAESTUS, OR THE SOUL OF THE MACHINE, by E. E. Fournier d'Albe.

LUCULLUS, THE FOOD OF THE FUTURE, by Olga Hartley and Mrs. C. F. Leyel (Kegan Paul, London; 'To-day and To-morrow Series'; 2/6 each).

lived. It is so easy to prophesy without danger in these days that the pastime, moreover, has lost its charm. The astronomer has so often said 'I told you so' about his comets and eclipses that we are not disposed to argue with him any longer. The meteorologist is still human; he gives us a sporting chance, and the reason we are interested in weather forecasts is that they are so often wrong. The meteorologist indeed falls down in the propinquity of his future. His prophecy must be for to-morrow, but the to-morrow of most of our prophets in evolution and kindred subjects is removed to a future so far distant that 'time will not tell'.

The prophets of to-day are very different from those of old. Our prophets are not inspired, only informed. Within the last generation science has done so and so. Our prophets have in retrospect its dramatic story. The characters are cast and the action must, or may, proceed along certain lines. The well-informed prophet can thus make plausible suggestions for the future, not because he has better insight into the future, but because science has made plain that there are so many possibilities in nature. And just because of these many possibilities, the future of mankind was perhaps never at any age more uncertain than it is to-day.

It is not suggested that many of the present-day forecasts will not one day be realised. Mr. H. G. Wells has been justified! He is now, according to Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, 'a generation behind the times'. What a tiring pursuit is the modern prophet's! And so many others besides Mr. Haldane have taken Mr. Well's cue. The real difficulty about modern prophecy, based on the progress of science, is that even Mr. Haldane's ectogenetic child is so obviously a possibility that no one would stop to argue about it. In these days all things are possible as they never were before. We are trying to be a little less dogmatic about the inconsistency of the idea of immortality, for instance, with the law of the conservation of energy and in general with the wisdom of the ages as contrasted with that of to-day. That is why we suggest to the publishers a series entitled 'To-day and Yesterday'.

Here we have two little books on the subject of machines, and a third on our ways of sustenance in a mechanical age. Dr. Fournier d'Albe is wholeheartedly on the side of the machine, so much so indeed that were it not for the author's obvious sincerity we might be inclined to regard *Hephaestus* as something of a panegyric. To this author Ruskin's 'bleeding landscapes' is a travesty of thought. 'To me a railway line is a thing of beauty, wherever it may be found. It is a symbol of a higher will and of a purpose transcending the puny sphere of the individual. To see the rails is as if the sinews and muscles



of some supernatural being were made visible and accessible to me. . . . And so a railway appears to me as an individual of a higher order, closely organized and endowed with a link of its own. Its mental equipment is its personnel, its directors, clerks, drivers, guards and porters. Its body consisting of rails, bridges, tunnels, stations and rolling stock. It has a soul and a living purpose;—given to it, of course, by man; for Dr. Fournier d'Albe makes it quite plain that he is no mechanist when he writes elsewhere that it is simpler and more philosophically sound to 'explain machines in terms of psychology than to explain human bodies in terms of mechanism.'

The authors of *Lucullus* write in a somewhat different vein. They have either been brought up on a farm or more probably have merely attended an agricultural college. They have a slight grievance against the town-dweller who considers himself a few rungs higher than the countryman on the evolutionary ladder. 'Fishing, hunting, and shepherding', they point out, 'are more complicated callings than tending machines', and there is much truth in the thesis that 'the trend of the popular thought of the day is to reflect the point of view of the city dweller; for his edification or entertainment are books written and newspapers produced; for his comfort is life organised, for his benefit legislation devised, and to produce more of him is the object of our educational system'; or that our modern industrial population 'is living in a hygienically drained, steam-heated, electric-lighted mansion, with a wolf in the basement.'

Large-scale strikes are now probably a thing of the past, as disorganisation of transport threatens starvation to the strikers themselves. Professor Lucullus, whose diet is of the same type as our own, ends the book in the usual way, speaking from an age before which mankind is supposed to have gone through both a vegetarian and a synthetic food régime. The little book is interesting and sometimes amusing, but not without some rather curious statements. What do our authorities mean, for example, when they write: 'If, through some economic or political reason we could not continue to pay for our food, it is extremely unlikely that other nations would go on keeping us alive for the sake of our beautiful eyes'\*?

Mr. Garrett's book is one of the finest which has come to our attention in this series. He is not so concerned about prophesying as in tracing the varied consequences which the mechanical extension of mankind has had upon human existence. His diagnosis of present-day industrial conditions is in many ways almost a startling realisation of Samuel Butler's *Book of Machines*, of man as an 'affectionate machine-tickling aphid'; but unlike Butler's, Mr. Garrett's world is not arrived at by any brilliant feats of

imagination but by a balanced and critical use of facts.

Mr. Garrett regards the machine as a manifestation of life and therefore mysterious; for we have no rational way of explaining its existence. Its emergence may probably be attributable to man's continuous desire to escape toil—as an answer to the prayer for plenty, which until now has never been answered for the human race. Slowly, from the spirit of scientific curiosity, arose the cardinal idea of exploiting the machine's 'slave value'. But instead of saving labour the machine has multiplied it. For even an eight-hour day of the modern industrial worker means the performance of much more work than that devoted to the soil by his ancestor. The machine has not saved toil, so its existence is an enigma.

We are apt to think too lightly that we produce machines, in a way quite different from that in which we produce children. And we tend to forget that machines produce themselves, with just a little human intervention, and that perhaps half the population of the earth could not have been born were it not for machines. Machines are now indispensable to man unless he retrogress. So we must regard the evolution of the machine as something more than an approximate analogy to biological evolution. If not inherent, its powers of reproduction and variation are at least governed by an active biological principle.

Such a statement as the following must be proved erroneous or else give rise to very serious thought:—

The industrial equipment already existing in the world is so great, that if for one year it were worked at ideal capacity the product could not be sold for enough to pay the wages of labour, to say nothing of the cost of material, overhead charges, or profit. Markets would be glutted with goods. Producers would be ruined.

Credence of such a state of affairs certainly affords an explanation of many very recent industrial phenomena such as the amazing spread of selling on credit, the intense activity of advertisement, and the spread of the idea that spending and not saving is the duty of the citizen.

Mass production by machinery gives cheaper products than can be made by hand. The greater the production the cheaper the product: and this principle allied with the fierce competition makes control of production over any length of time an impossibility. It applies to international trade as well as to home trade. The old industrial nations are now meeting a stronger and stronger competition. The last war brought home the lesson to all the world, that the industrial nation is the strong nation—that industrialization is a condition of national existence. And it is obvious since the war that machines have started reproducing in the most unexpected quarters. Italy is rapidly becoming industrial and even China's tradition is not proof against the modern movement.

\*Italics ours.

What is going to be the result? A desperate international struggle for the world's trade. The price of manufactured goods will drop; they have always been too high as the industrial nation has always had the positive trade balance over the agricultural nation. Modern trading on the principle of gain is a survival of piracy. The price of food will rise, but wages will

drop—and just as far as the competition demands, where men must tend machines or starve.

Mr. Garrett notes that 'logical extremes are fictions of thought. It is always another thing that happens.' But in his opinion trade can not wear in its present character. It is perhaps well that man can not be fully insured. G. H.

## PRODDING NATURE

A PAUL BUNYAN EPISODE

BY J. D. ROBINS

CHARLIE BLACK was at his favourite relaxation of telling the rest of us about his job over in Brimley, Michigan. We all put up with his chatter in patience, since each one of us had the hope of getting an opportunity of relating some similar story of his own Big Job. Every lumberjack has built up for himself a glorious camp epic around some experience in a region remote from his own district, and almost everyone gradually appropriates to himself experiences from the epics of other men. Now my own is authentic. And mine is in my own district. I was one winter up the Algoma Central—but that is another story, and I must get back to Charlie.

'An' there's another thing about the timber aroun' Brimley,' he was saying, 'an' that is you never seen timber that growed as fast as that fool stuff. You'd 'a' thought it was hankerin' for to get cut, the way it growed. Why, the shoots the horses 'd straddle the one winter when we was swampin' out 'd be good the next for two or three twelve foot logs of clear stuff. The old man wouldn't hardly let us cut anythin' out of the way of the logs to snake 'em out to the skidways; said them saplin's 'd be logs before the limit was cut off'.

'You are one damn liar, ain't you, Charlie?' interrupted Old Mike McGinnis, placidly, as he felt inside the shoepec which he had been holding close to the red-hot stove, turned it inside out, put his hand in it again and resumed the drying process.

Old Mike was straw boss, and the best all-round man in the camp. This superiority was recognized by all of us, including Charlie, as entitling him to the floor on all ordinary occasions. Like a true aristocrat, he rarely abused his privilege.

'It ain't only that you are one damn liar, Charlie, but you ain't got right sense,' continued Old Mike. 'If you had right sense you wouldn't come aroun' here to a gang of timber beasts an' try to cram that bull about them there saplin's down the guzzles of men that was cuttin' timber when you was cuttin' teeth. I feel sorry for you, Charlie, damned if I don't, showin' your ignorance that way. Why, any jackass knows you ain't goin' for to get no growth like what you are tryin' to make out, if it ain't forced somehow

or other. Now I mind me of one winter when I was workin' for old Paul Bunyan, an' I seen just about the funniest thing I've saw up to now or ever expect to, I guess.—That is, if you boys are interested.'

For the last two or three sentences of this speech Old Mike had raised his voice sufficiently to be heard easily by most of the men in the bunkhouse. The allusion to the great Paul Bunyan would have been enough to claim the attention of any lumbering gang from New Brunswick to Oregon. For what Charlemagne was to the mediæval Frenchman or Napoleon to the modern one, what Arthur was to the knights of chivalry, what Nelson is to the British tar, all that and more is Paul Bunyan to the lumberman of North America. No wonder! To have seen that colossal figure, as I have seen it—but I keep forgetting that I am trying to tell either Charlie's story or Old Mike's and not mine. At the mention of that magic name the men came clambering down out of the far bunks, threw socks or magazines or books or cards aside and joined the group around the stove, sitting on the deacon bench or on the edges of near bunks, an eager, noisy, laughing crowd.

'Go on, Mike.'—'Go to it, old timer.'—'Give us old Paul.'

Even poor Charlie had to profess enthusiasm for the story which was to rob him of his chance to talk.

'Well, it was up by Batchawana, boys,' said Mike. 'Paul done a thing that fall I never seen him do before or since. He took over a limit from Caribou Cameron, sight unseen, camp an' all. I ain't denyin' but it was a brash thing to do, but it was soon after he cut the Pyramid Forty, an' I guess he thought after that nothin' else was much of a gamble, compared to that.'

'Anyways, we all moved up there one day, me an' him an' some more of the best men. The main gang was to come on up from east of Goulais Bay the first of the week follerin'.—Well, we got up there just about dark an' we couldn't see nothin' that night, so we all hit the hay just as soon's we forked some red-horse and prunes down into us, an' had a pipe.

'Well, boys, the nex' morning I woke up an' I thought the angel Gabriel was callin' up the old world



PAUL BUNYAN TAKES AN EVENING  
STROLL IN ALGOMA

SKETCH BY J. E. H. MACDONALD



for to give us our time, an' then I thought there was forty-leven bulls a-bellerin'—an' then I heard what it was, an' it was old Paul just a'yoopin' her up. Jumpin' johnny-cake! but Paul was mad, an' he was a-yellin' like I never heard him before or since. You know, Paul is gener'ly quiet. He has to be, or he'd bust the ears of every man jack in the bush.

"The ol', louse-skinin', penny-pinchin', quarter-scrapin' hoss-thief of a Scotch skunk," yells Paul, "I'll tan his crummy hide for this, if it takes me an' Babe the rest of time. Holy Mackinaw! Not a damn stick big enough to clean out a pipe stem."

"Then he went on to usin' language which I ain't goin' to repeat, partly because I don't want you boys to say anything your Uncle Mike wouldn't say, an' partly because I've tried many's the time an' can't seem to get the hang of them grand, damn-awful words of his. Anyways, after a little he set in to laughin', an' that's what he was doin' when I got into my mackinaws an' out. An' by the blue-eyed arch-angels, boys, when I took a look over that there limit, what I could see of it from the door, I could see all right why old Paul felt so sold. That old geezer, Caribou Cameron, had cut off every stick of timber that was big enough to make a toothpick. All that was left was a lot of little new growth, baby stuff that wouldn't be fit for cuttin' for forty years. I looks at Paul an' Paul looks at me, an' then we both just laid down on the ground an' rolled an' laughed fit to bust. Now old Paul didn't do that kind of thing as a rule. He didn't make himself common, because he knowed just as well as anybody that he wasn't no common cuss, but him an' me was pretty nigh raised together, an' I guess he felt he could kind of let out a little with me, an' let off steam. But, by the humpin', boys, when them times come, an' he cut up a little, you just had got to mind your horses after. Well, after two or three minutes, Paul yanks the biggest of the little pines that was standin' aroun' there out by the roots, an' he begins to chaw kind of thinkin'-like, like a man does with a straw when he's thinkin' kind of stuck.

"Well, boys, it's just like I'm a-tellin' you. Paul jus' stood there an' chawed at that little pine—it wasn't more'n about five inches through—he chawed at that little pine all forenoon an' mighty nigh half the afternoon. I knowed by the look of him he was doin' some mighty hard thinkin', an' so I didn't butt in on him. I knowed better. Well, 'long about four o'clock, nigh's I can remember, all of a sudden Paul slaps the leg of his corduroys, with a slap that knocked everything down off the shelves in the office, an' then he yells over to me, "Hey there, Mike, send the tote teamster out to the Soo first thing in the morning. An' I want you to foller with Babe."—Brimstone Bill druv the Blue Ox as a regular thing, but that was the

winter he got sore at the hard work of handlin' Babe an' went off an' took a soft job, breakin' in elephants in Brazil or Zululand, or somewheres in them parts.—"An' then," says Paul, "when you get out to the Soo, I want you to buy up every cow you can pick up there an' clean the hardware stores out of three-quarter-inch augers an' then light out for back here as if the devil was after you."

"Well, for the life of me, I couldn't make out what in the hell he wanted to do with either the cows or the augers, but I learned by this time not to argue with old Paul, so I outs to the Soo, an' done what he told me. There wasn't as many cows around there to be got hold of as I kind of thought maybe Paul would be wantin', so I sort of fills up the order with some likely-lookin' steers, an' we heads back to Batchawana Bay. Paul come an' met us about ten mile this side of camp, an' he started to count the cows. I had the cows in front. When he got to the steers he looked at me kind of mad, an' I thought he was goin' to bawl me out. But he didn't say nothin'.

"The next morning, bright an' early, Paul divided the gang up, an' some of the boys he set to milkin' them cows an' the rest of 'em he sent out borin' holes about three inches deep in the likeliest-lookin' little pines. He had the holes bored about an inch above the groun'. An' then all of a sudden it come over me what the old sucker was a-drivin' at. You've heard about feedin' squash an' punkins with milk to fatten 'em up for the fall fair an' make 'em grow big. Well, I'm a pink-eyed mushrat if that wasn't what old Paul was a-tryin' out with them little pines. You could of sold me for a half plug of tobacco when I thought about them steers, but Paul comes along to me that next day an' he says, says he, "Mike, you old skunk, you, maybe nex' time you'll do what you're told an' when I says cows, you'll get cows. Now what are you goin' to do with them there steers you brung in?"

"I knowed by the slow grin on Paul's face that he wasn't really mad 'bout it, but I felt kind o' cheap all the same. Then all of a sudden the idea hit me and I says to Paul, "Paul," says I, "my missus claims beefsteak is the best thing she knows of to make ferns grow. How 'bout killin' them there steers and plantin' 'em among some of the pines. It isn't any fooler of an idea than your feedin' milk to 'em." Paul looks at me an' then he busts out a-laughin'. "We'll just do that same," says he an' he slapped me on the back. It wasn't what you would call a hard slap for Paul, but it cracked three of my ribs an' laid me up for two weeks an' a half.

"An' that's how I didn't see any more of the milkin' performance, nor this here forced feedin', but I heard what the boys said. The first day or two they was pretty disgusted an' was all for gettin' their time, 'specially when Paul made 'em kill the steers an' bury

'em at the foot of some of the pines. But the first man that went up for his time Paul told him he'd heard that pines done better on lumberjack steaks even than they did on beefsteaks, an' he thought he'd experiment on the first man that tried to jump the job. I ain't sayin' he'd a done it, but Paul ain't no man to monkey with, an' besides the boys thought he was crazy an' he'd be just as apt to kill 'em as look at 'em. Well, boys, in about three days them trees begun to show signs of growth, in five days they had to thin 'em out so as to give 'em a chance, an' in a week to a day the smallest tree of them milk-fed pines measured two feet an' a half across the stump, but the beef-eaters didn't seem to do much. Dude Milliken, the timekeeper, as had studied to be a preacher, said that them milk fed trees done so well because they wouldn't defile themselves with the king's meat—I couldn't make head or tail out of what he said, but he said it was all in the Good Book. I found out afterwards what really did happen, them consarned lumberjacks had got hungry in the night and gone out an' dug up the steers and roasted 'em an' et 'em themselves. Leastways that's always been my theory.

'Well in a week an' a half we was ready to begin cuttin' on as fine a stand of pine as ever you laid eyes on, with a sort of creamy yellow on the bark an' an extra lot of fuzz at the top of 'em.

'But when we come to look at them damn trees in the log, we seen—I was around by that time again—that the timber in them logs wasn't up to the mark. Paul said it didn't seem to have no life, an' he told me one afternoon he was scared they wouldn't drive down the river, they'd all waterlog. Kind o' looked as if he might have to raft 'em down like in the old days. Says he, "We've got to put a little life into 'em, make 'em a little frisky," says he. "Well," says I, "they's one mighty good way to put life and frisk into a man," says I, an' I wunk at Paul. "What do you mean?" says Paul, "an' then he busts out laughin'." "You old boozey you, Mike," says he, "there's something in what you say. There's only one objection," says he, "to this elegant scheme of yours, Mike," says he, "an' that is them milk fed pines 'll be so soft an' lackin' in will-power that they won't be able to hold their liquor," says he. "But," says he, "seein' as this hull damned caboodle is a experiment, we'll just mix 'em a milk toddy," says he, "an' see what happens."

"There wasn't no difficulty about gettin' whiskey that year, because that was the year we had Sourface Mulligan helpin' the cook, an' he made whiskey just natur'ly by lookin' at the potato water an' fermentin' it. Only a damn-funny thing happened 'bout that, boys. Bein' as how it was so important, Paul raised Sourface's wages two dollars a month, an' I'm a bald-headed knittin' needle if that didn't please Sourface

so much he wasn't half so good for makin' liquor, an' Paul had to dock him four dollars again. Then he worked fine.

'Well, Paul got in his whiskey all ready an' he was so sure about it, that he didn't bother tryin' it on a few trees first, but got ready to give a whole ten-acre cut a shot one afternoon. We done it that afternoon, an' that night there came up a devil of a wind. It sounded as if it was like to blow the hull camp down and early next morning I got out an' I reckon I was the first man up. Right 'round the camp it didn't look as if there'd been any storm at all. I kind of wondered about that, an' I moseys over to the patch where we'd fed the trees the whiskey. Boys,—Old Mike lowered his voice to a sepulchral stage whisper and the rest of us gathered closer around him—"I hope I never see a sight like that again, I just felt like—well damned if I know what I felt like,—but I'll tell you what I seen. There wasn't a stick of timber standing on the hull ten acres an' every one was pulled up by the roots. At first I thought the storm must have struck 'em, but then I seen that they wasn't all lyin' the same way, but tangled up in bunches of eight or ten with their limbs smashed off, trees busted in two, tops layin' by theirselves, an' roots an' trunks, an' limbs an' tops all jammed in together like as if a cyclone had struck 'em. For a minute or two I didn't catch on, an' then I knowed what had happened. Them damn fool trees had all got drunk, an' fit each other all night till there wasn't one that was worth sawin' up into logs.'

## CHAT

BY BARKER FAIRLEY

Together we sit, my friend and I, and chat;  
Or rather he talks to me of this and that  
And I am listening, barely listening,  
Although he thinks I follow everything,  
Because I keep my end up with a smile  
And a 'Well' and a 'Really' every little while.  
To tell the truth, I'm oh so far away,  
Deep into dreams that take the place of day,  
His very presence is grown strange and dim;  
Never before was I so far from him.  
But oddly now, in drifting thus apart,  
I strike another deep within the heart  
Which tells me suddenly all that friendship means  
And makes me like some schoolboy in the teens,  
Bursting with adoration for a chum.  
It comes so strong I scarce can keep it mum.  
But keep it mum I do. He'll never know.  
And still we sit and I say 'Is that so?'

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## CANADIAN PLAYS

CANADIAN PLAYS, VOL. I, edited by Vincent Massey (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 216; \$2.50).

THIS volume contains seven one-act plays—*Brothers in Arms*, *The Weather Breeder*, and *Balm*, by Mr. Merrill Denison; *Pierre*, by Dr. D. C. Scott; *The Point of View*, by Mrs. Marion Osborne; *Three Weddings of a Hunchback*, by Mr. H. Borsook; *The Second Lie*, by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay; and a longer drama, *The Translation of John Snaith*, by the late Mr. Britton Cooke.

When one takes up a book with such a title, the first question is: Does the work show a distinctive national spirit, or is the national claim incidental, resting merely on the birthplace (let us say) of the author or authors? Now the contributions of Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Osborne, Mr. Borsook, and Mr. Denison's *Balm* might just as well have been Danish: they simply happen to have been produced in the Hart House Theatre. *The Weather Breeder* has nothing local but climate. *Brothers in Arms* depicts a distinctive temperament which may be Canadian (though I hope not)—the almost supernatural lack of social gump-tion shown by the two backwoodsmen—and a good deal of admirably convincing local colour. *John Snaith* is quite excellent in this respect: the plot is based on something definitely Canadian, something which is not to be found in Denmark or anywhere else save here—the character and history of the Indian half-breed girl. But most of these plays, if a few incidentals were deleted, could be put on the London stage without anyone asking: 'Is this really an English play?'

In his interesting preface Mr. Vincent Massey writes: 'Our native drama, as far as volume is concerned at all events, has not yet passed beyond its early infancy'. In artistic significance it has not yet reached even that stage. Not that these works are negligible; but, good and poor alike, they are intensely derivative. A genuine 'infant' national drama would reveal, amid much fumbling and experimenting in technique, new ideas, a novel outlook, a fresh voice: that is the only way to a great national art, a form of drama which cannot be mistaken for that of any other people. The progress can be observed in the career of an individual writer, Eugene O'Neill. But here we find the well-worn English technique, the English idea of what is both interesting in life and also suitable for the stage. Mr. Denison's skill is admirable, but it is the dexterity of a man taught by Sutro and Maugham. Nothing could be more unlike

an infant: his work is irrevocably grown-up, it has all the tricks of the trade and shows no promise whatever of original development. As far as promise goes—intimation of fine possibility—Mr. Borsook's is the best part of this volume. And observe that so far from treating the faults, aims, or virtues of a new nation, it is concerned with the oldest race on earth.

Three of these pieces are not plays at all. *Pierre* has no end. The ne'er-do-well returns to the mother who longs and hopes so keenly: he turns out to be really a rogue and decamps with her savings—that is all. A merely terrible or painful event does not make a drama; and here we need some study of the effect of Pierre's crime upon the other characters. This is like a 'three-act' play with the last act missing. *The Hunchback*, again, is good dramatic material—excellent background work, promising characterization, but no structure: it is to a play what a pile of sound oak boards is to a table. *The Point of View* fails quite differently: it has a plot, but the plot will not 'work'. Everything depends on the burglar's not revealing the secret as he threatened, and I can discover no reason at all for his change of purpose. Mr. Denison is excellent here. All his three pieces are slight, but they are meant so; and on this plane the construction is first-rate. Mrs. Mackay's *The Second Lie* shows great skill in construction. A horrible husband tricks his wife into poisoning him; the doctor, who loves her, supposes that she has acted voluntarily and 'shields' her; she realizes that he will never believe her and that her husband by his cunning keeps them apart even after his death. But the result is theatrical effectiveness, not a rendering of life.

By far the best of these dramas is Britton Cooke's. It shows one grave fault, the cumbrous device of a prologue to convey information which could easily have been (and indeed partly is) worked into the body of the play itself. That age-old method, of beginning the first act with five minutes' chatter between the parlour-maid and the second footman about the duke's quarrel with his son in the Guards, ought long ago to have followed the stage Irishman, the loud aside, and the gas footlights. But Mr. Cooke has actually developed it into a whole act between two persons who do not appear again and have no function or interest save as 'Social Notes' or 'The Gossip Column' dressed as women and planted in armchairs. Nevertheless, the play itself is really distinguished work. The Indian half-breed and her bogus legend of the heroic Golden Quill, the degraded Snaith who gains the V.C. and gives the raw town a real legend, the discovery by the girl that it is all a blunder and her determination to keep at any rate this legend for the town by murdering Snaith before he can confess—all this makes a story exciting, strange, and pathetic, handled with real dramatic power and a fine sense of spiritual fact.

GILBERT NORWOOD.



## A MONUMENTAL WORK

DICTIONARY OF CANADIAN BIOGRAPHY, by W. S. Wallace (Macmillan's in Canada; pp. v., 433; \$12.50).

THIS is the most important single-handed contribution which has been made to Canadian history for many years. We have suffered too long from the perpetration of errors, from the rehashing of old material, from pleasant views and interesting narratives; and now we need at least a good quarter of a century's quarrying down to the granite rock of patient research. Mr. Wallace has given an example, and we hope an inspiration. The merest tyro in Canadian history soon finds out that it is almost impossible to take much that is in print for granted: the historical sins of the fathers have been visited on the children with a vengeance, and he will be wise to learn quickly that there is no great amount of accurate work done, few standard monographs, and nothing much secure. This has been specially true in biography, where it is no exaggeration to say that chaos has reigned. In undertaking, then, a biographical dictionary, Mr. Wallace's task was simply Herculean; and that he did so single-handed raises it to heroic accomplishment. We recommend this work whole-heartedly. He has aimed at clear, unvarnished, and accurate statements; he has—most wisely indeed—eliminated any records of the living; he has given good references; he has tried to record, as far as possible, authors. On the whole, his success is phenomenal, considering that he had no army of specialists working for him. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for a great co-operative work; but when it comes Mr. Wallace's *Dictionary* will be its inevitable and logical starting point. We offer him our sincerest congratulations.

Of course there must be differences of opinion, and without being hypercritical we should like to mention some points which may suggest to Mr. Wallace lines of development for future editions or supplements. Where there is a collection of manuscripts dealing specially with a 'life' it ought to be given. Mr. Wallace is not uniform here. He refers to the Haldimand, Bagot, Baldwin, and Blake papers, but not to the Murray, Dalhousie, Durham, Howe, or Macdonald papers. References rich as these are invaluable to students, even though calendars are not always forthcoming. Again, it ought to be possible to include most of the pamphleteers. In the early history of a country, pamphlets are most important, and we miss many such writers, especially in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company, the North-West, and the early railways. Then there is unevenness in record; e.g., Isbister's visit in 1847 to London is not recorded, nor his most valuable *Examination of the Charter*, etc. (with J. E. Fitzgerald and dedicated to Gladstone). These are criticisms merely directed to call

Mr. Wallace's attention to certain methods of treatment. There is another point: the omission of something significant in a 'life' obviously included as 'official': e.g., the Premier of Ontario's rebuke to Lieutenant-Governor Clarke for indiscreet platform speeches (*Ohio Law Bulletin*, vol. 65, No. 9). On the other hand, Mr. Wallace's accuracy is simply amazing. We have only noticed a few slips: Carleton should not be described as 'first Baron Dorchester'. There was another barony—'of Dorchester, County Dorset'—running parallel with Carleton's but preceding it in creation. Galt and Rose are both described as 'the first finance minister of the Dominion'. 'Hansard' is not a Canadian term, and Bourinot's *Parliamentary Procedure* should be referred to as 'edited Flint, Toronto, 1916'. We think Professor Lefroy died in Toronto not Ottawa; and we are interested to note that Trinity College, Dublin, conferred a 'D.C.L.' on Shaughnessy. The degree must have been specially created for him.

All this, however, is part of an honest reviewer's duty, and we are sure that Mr. Wallace will be glad to receive corrections which are at all valid. They will not in the least detract from our admiration for a piece of historical research which is outstanding, and from an appreciation of a book which at once takes its place as an essential possession for every library, scholar, student, journalist, and man of affairs.

## THE GOOD OLD DAYS

EARLY DAYS IN UPPER CANADA: LETTERS OF JOHN LANGTON, edited by W. A. Langton (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xl, 310; \$4.50).

WE are under obligation to the various members of the Langton family who are responsible for the preservation and publication of these interesting letters, a life-like picture of pioneer days. Their writer emigrated to Canada in 1833, soon after taking his degree at Cambridge, and settled on Sturgeon Lake, near Fenelon Falls. In letters home, at first written by candle light in a shack so cold that the ink often froze in the pen, we see John Langton clearing the land, planning his log house, living on a diet of salt pork and potatoes (relieved only by some venison and fish in the summers), sending to Italy for a new variety of corn to be introduced into Upper Canada, travelling all the way to York to raise cash and finding that the bank did not dare to part with any, being adopted into an Indian tribe, and having many other adventures. We read descriptions of the lumbering business in which he embarked, after which he became a politician, and eventually rose to the positions of vice-chancellor of the University of Toronto and auditor-general of the Dominion. In the latter capacity he appears as the first man to introduce a rational system into the public accounts. His remarks

on the great men and events of the times are frank and not without a spice of malice. The hero of our boyhood, William Lyon Mackenzie, he describes as 'that little factious wretch', 'a little red-haired man about five feet nothing and extremely like a baboon'; Egerton Ryerson was 'the Pope of Methodism', addicted to very questionable practices with the public funds; Upper Canada College was 'without exception the worst school I ever saw or heard of'. When the old University College building was being planned, there were many disputes about the architectural style to be adopted, each dignitary insisting on his own ideas, and the final compromise is described as 'a hybrid with some features of Norman, of early English, etc., with faint traces of Byzantium and the Italian palazzo' which he eventually decides to call 'the Canadian style'. There is much more as good as this and better—what a pity that it is only in private letters that people express really candid opinions about their contemporaries, and that such letters have to be kept for posthumous publication! Perhaps the thing that makes John Langton's letters most interesting is the fact that they record the impressions of a cultivated and acute mind which was capable of resisting its environment and maintaining in the backwoods the standards of Cambridge.

#### POETRY

COURCELETTE AND OTHER POEMS, by James Harold Manning (J. & A. McMillan, Saint John, N.B.; \$1.75).

JAMES HAROLD MANNING, his father tells us in a brief biographical sketch, was a young Canadian officer in the Great War who was wounded at Vimy, and later had his left hand so shattered at Lens that it had to be amputated. On returning to Canada he completed an Arts course at Acadia University, and entered Harvard the following year to study town-planning and landscape gardening. After work as a draughtsman in Chicago and New York he went to Venezuela in the employ of the Standard Oil Company, and died there of a cerebral hemorrhage induced by malarial fever. This memorial volume consists of a blank verse tragedy, 'What is Truth', and about thirty poems that show an unusual range of interests. The quality of his verse is quite high enough to make one feel that his death at the age of twenty-seven has been a real loss to Canadian literature.

MIRRORS, by Margaret Tod Ritter (Macmillan in Canada; pp. 97; \$1.50).

Miss Ritter is a young American writer who has collected in this little volume some sixty poems, most of which had already appeared in magazines. The collection is distinctly above the usual level. Indeed, there is a certain freshness and even power in some

of the sonnets and lyrics that recalls the early work of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The 'Sonata Eroica' is one of the most powerful sonnets by any American writer.

#### OLD SOAMES CARRIES ON

THE SILVER SPOON, by John Galsworthy (Heinemann; pp. 323; 7/6).

MR. GALSWORTHY'S latest contribution to the history of post-war London, is a continuation of the story of Michael and Fleur Mont begun in *The White Monkey*. Michael is now in Parliament as the exponent of the new doctrine of Foggartism, which finds the solution of the problems of the age in child emigration and 'back to the land'. Fleur, owing to her father's ignorance that the life of a society butterfly is partly a 'skin game', becomes involved in a law-suit to decide whether it is worse to be called a 'snob' and a 'lion-hunter' or a 'traitress' and a 'person without morals'. This forms the main rather unedifying, theme of the book, and when in the end Fleur wins her case only to find that she has really lost it in the eyes of society, Soames comes to the rescue and departs with her on a trip round the world. What adventures they are to meet with, and how Michael is to spend the five months before joining them, Mr. Galsworthy will reveal in the third and concluding part of this trilogy.

While nothing that Mr. Galsworthy gives us can fail to interest, there is much that is disappointing in this volume. There are moments when we cannot help wondering what has happened to Mr. Galsworthy's lucidity of style, unless it be that his negligence of the rules of syntax is intended to express a similar disregard of rules in present day manners and morals. Michael, we feel, deserved a better political fate than a creed like Foggartism—if he had to be a voice crying in the wilderness. Fleur and her rival, Marjorie Ferrar, the 'pet of the Panjoys', both owe their characters to the fact that they were 'born with a silver spoon in their mouths'; but while Marjorie commands our respect through sheer honesty and vitality, Fleur, with all her undoubted charm, is trivial, and Michael begins to suspect it. 'Old Soames' himself wears well, and never in the course of his long history has he been so nearly lovable as he is now. The picture of him learning to play golf and smoke cigars at sixty-nine is delightful. In the midst of the younger generation with their complexes and conflicts, Soames stands forth as a pillar of strength. He, at least, knows what he believes in. 'They said England was changed, spoiled, some even said "done for". Bosh! It still smelt the same!' he soliloquizes, and this sums up his attitude.

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Editor's Note:—STATEMENT AND INFERENCE, by John Cook Wilson, which was reviewed in our last number, was edited from the MS. by A. S. L. Farquharson, fellow of University College.

## FOUR NOVELS

*THE KAYS*, by Margaret Deland (Musson; pp. 336; \$2.00).

*THE DARK DAWN*, by Martha Ostenso (Dodd, Mead; pp. 294; \$2.00).

*GRAIN*, by Robert Stead (McClelland, Stewart; pp. 281; \$2.00).

*THE TIME OF MAN*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Irwin and Gordon; pp. 382; \$2.50).

MRS. DELAND is a successful novelist and accounted a good craftsman, but she has sinned against the craft in her earnest desire to be, as well, a compelling preacher. She is still living in the days when the fight was being waged for freedom. She has missed one whole swing of the pendulum.

Her story is vivid enough, intensely interesting, but it is weak in the very aspects in which the novelist of her experience should be strong, in character and in climax. The story is one of a struggle between Roundhead and Cavalier—only that they live in the United States in the time of the American Civil War. At first, the Roundhead mother, a pacifist, a thoroughly consistent devotee to conviction and reason, fights a long, cold, winning battle with her husband, a typical officer and gentleman, for their son. Later, the son has to fight the same battle within himself. Interwoven with this conflict is a strong picture of the bitter hatred of the community at war for the non-fighter, and involved in it is a love story in which the stress is one of misunderstanding.

There are aspects of the story which weaken its power to convince. The character of Agnes Kay is rendered difficult by the thoroughness of her consistency; the situation of the husband's former mistress, insane Mary, kept twenty years in the house without the knowledge of her identity on the part of the man, stretches one's powers of credence; the combination of these two gives a sense of remoteness from life which the novelist is hardly justified in asking her readers to accept. Then, too, the climax scene, where Lois and Arthur reach an understanding which is no understanding, has not been successfully 'put over', to use a stage expression.

In Miss Ostenso's new book there is also a strong woman, about whom the whole story really revolves, but whose strength is drawn from qualities directly opposed to those of the mother in *The Kays*. There is the same thoroughness, a hardness equally great, but in the case of Agnes Kay it is an absolutely selfless hardness of the intellect, the hardness of intense conviction, of utter consistency, while in the Hattie Murker of *The Dark Dawn* there is the hardness of ruthless will, of complete selfishness, achieving its ends through an overpowering sex appeal, achieving ends in which sex has ultimately no place, or if place at all, merely that of a further manifestation of power.

The old man in *Wild Geese* domineers, weak, mean creature though he is, by virtue of a power which circumstances have given him; Hattie Murker dominates through sheer strength of character, and carefully, patiently creates the circumstances which will consolidate her control. So ruthlessly, however, has her lust for power been portrayed that, even in the pitiable crash of her dominion, sympathy is withheld. One cannot help thinking of the old tyrant in *Sussex Gorse*, for whom his creator has allowed pity at the last, even in his triumph. Miss Ostenso has, on the whole, sacrificed definition in her other characters for the sake of Hattie Murker. One has the feeling that sometimes comes when one sees a photographed group in which the focus is so much on one figure in the foreground that the rest of the group are blurred. Not that *The Dark Dawn* is a mere group snapshot. It is strong painting.

There may be less sheer beauty in *The Dark Dawn* than in *Wild Geese*, but there is just as strong interest, and perhaps more powerful writing. Strangely enough, for a young writer who has selected such grim aspects of life as has Miss Ostenso, there seems to be in this later book not less, but more idealism than in her first one—and there was much in that. Miss Ostenso seems to be of the salt of the earth, those who can see all the sordidness and remain uncynical. One charming weakness of hers reveals the essential romanticist, it seems to me. Hardy, out of the great heart of pity which is his, compensates his characters for the buffetings of destiny by understanding them and giving them the sympathy of his readers; Miss Ostenso cannot deny herself and her readers the balm of an attempt at a happy ending.

The scene of Robert Stead's new novel, *Grain*, is laid in the great wheat country, the same country that fascinates Miss Ostenso, but his treatment of it is radically different from hers. The texture of *Grain* is much more open than is that of *The Dark Dawn*, the colors brighter and laid on with less meticulous exactitude. As in *The Kays*, there is the problem of the young man who has no desire to go to war, and who raises wheat throughout the years of the War. In *Grain*, however, this is not nearly as vital a part of the book, even if the hero's love story finds a pathetic issue as a result. The strong features of the book are the vivid accounts of farming operations in the West, the sketching in of the perennial story of the country child who leaves the land, and, by far the best, the portrait, drawn evidently with loving hands and certainly with skill, of the boy who is a born farmer of these latter days—that is, the boy who finds a joy in the soil and also in the mighty gang-plough, in the devouring threshing-machine, who combines a love of the life in growing grain with a pride of exhilaration in the power of modern machinery.

The book strives for no cosmic proportions or



Promethean agonies, and, perhaps for that very reason, its kindly realism is a relief to emotion-torn readers of modern fiction. Nowhere does it sear. Even within the limits set, however, there are two serious flaws. The author seems to have felt that his main character was too self-controlled, too lacking in those outbursts of passion which are supposed to terrify and win the lady. Consequently, he has him give way twice to momentary madresses which, I think, find no place in the character of the man, which seem to me not to afford glimpses of hidden volcanic forces, but to be pathological for this particular character. The other flaw is one which weakens materially the last third of the book. Again it looks like a prostitution to a story-craving public, for the author has given up a leisurely, sure development of an attitude, of a type, for the creation of a pretty but unnecessary idyll of self-abnegation.

Miss Roberts' story of the poor whites in the Kentucky hills avoids such snares. Nowhere in *The Time of Man* does the artist yield to the demand for sensation, even when she introduces the grimness of suicide. Nowhere does she sacrifice the unimaginable power of restraint, even in depicting a man beside whose power of hatred, of anger, the boyish violence of Mr. Stead's hero is amusing. There are all the ingredients for such a dreadful work as Dreiser's *American Tragedy*, but, without abating one jot the hard realities of a life in which is tragedy so profound as to be generally numbing, Miss Roberts finds an interpretation that is anything but depressing.

She does this, not by any cheap device, any *deus ex machina*, not by any compensation in a mystical vision or philosophical formula, not even by any escape in stoicism or death, but by hidden springs of comfort within the life and the character itself, by insight into the qualities in that life she is describing, an insight which enables her to see sources of comfort and even of joy, hidden to almost all save to poets such as Miss Roberts and to those of us who have lived sometime the very life she is depicting.

It is the story of Ellen Chesser, daughter of a wandering semi-vagrant, herself ultimately the wife of a poor tenant farmer. Into her soul the author has put an unquenchable lyricism, a poet's vision which your so-called realist would deny to her class, but would only deny out of an arrogant ignorance that tries to generalize its own wilfully limited observation. Through the medium of this woman's outlook, an atmosphere is created which rests gravely, hopefully, over the whole book.

One disjointed remark on the handling of dialogue. Among the finest individual touches in the book are the scene in which old Henry gives a long, circumstantial account of some of the places he has worked (and drops off to sleep in a bewildered confusion of Monday and Tuesday) and the equally delightful and convincing

dialogue between Ellen and her husband in which each follows alternately a train of thought utterly unconnected with what the other is saying. It is such things as these that help to show how well Miss Roberts knows her people.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

HOT SATURDAY, by Harvey Ferguson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 261; \$2.50).

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS, by Marmaduke Pickthall (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 295; \$2.50).

THE SCAMP, by Virgil Markham (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 372; \$2.25).

BLACK VALLEY, by Raymond Weaver (Viking Press; pp. 310; \$2.00).

THREE PREDATORY WOMEN, by Sydney Loch (Allen & Unwin; pp. 316; 7/6).

THE MANTLE OF MASQUERADE, by Steuart M. Emery (Longmans; \$2.00).

THE HOUSEMAID, by Naomi Royde-Smith (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 322; \$2.50).

THE CLASSICAL AGE OF GERMAN LITERATURE, 1748-1805, by L. A. Willoughby (Oxford; \$1.35).

STUDIES OF STUDENT LIFE, II, An Examination in Logic, by W. J. Loudon (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 169; \$1.25).

## BETWEEN THE MYTHS

(Continued from page 110)

Governor Schnee, in the University of Berlin, that Germany in 1914 was innocent, her enemies guilty, and that in consequence she must soon be excused from all further effort at reparation<sup>1</sup>. (I am not condemning his Berlin lecture. I merely agree with Vorwaerts (July 27) that he 'overshoots the mark'.

If we glance back over the preceding paragraph we must agree that claim No. 6 is certainly worthy of admiration, but inadequate in itself. The value of documentation depends upon sureness of interpretation, which in turn depends upon a thorough mastery of the environment and lurking background which produced the documents. The regrettable lacunae and misinterpretations which occur in Mr. Barnes' articles and book are not due to malignity or bad faith, as dull reviewers often say, but rather to the newness, the vastness, the infinite complexity and unsuspected pitfalls of this fascinating subject which his undaunted youth has sought to conquer, in a trice, by a *tour de force* somewhat in the style of Douglas Fairbanks.

Claim No. 7 is the natural sequel to No. 1—a sort of *Chapelle Expiatoire*; but I doubt whether its view of reparations be quite sound. Reparations antedated the Treaty of Versailles by fifteen months. They

<sup>1</sup>BERLINER TAGEBLATT, July 27.

were an integral part of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, enunciated in a spirit of idealism and universality on January 8, 1918. Point 7 was: Restoration of Belgium; Point 8: Restoration of the invaded regions of France. There was no allusion to war guilt or responsibility in this enumeration of war aims. Far from objecting to the Fourteen Points the Germans have always clung to them as a safeguard which they had received as part and parcel of the Armistice terms.

Is not the restoration of devastated regions by the invader a necessary conception, no matter how responsibilities may be ultimately distributed? Otherwise, is not a premium placed upon 'preparedness' and 'preventive war'? In future is it to be admitted that one nation may begin *defending* itself in the midst of another's fields? There is no absolutely perfect solution for this knotty problem, but the best that has been thought out thus far is contained in Article 15 of the Geneva Protocol of 1924, sponsored by such idealists as Macdonald and Herriot, where it is assumed that the aggressor State, refusing arbitration, has operated in its neighbour's territory, and where it is stipulated that the aggressor nation shall bear the whole cost of the war and reparations 'up to the extreme limit of its capacity'. The judges would hardly be moved to leniency by an aggravating circumstance such as the wilful, wanton, wholesale destruction of agricultural and industrial property during the retreat of the invader—destruction intended to handicap the neighbour nation economically for many years. Practically, as far as German reparations are concerned, there exists already the 'programme of a mutual sharing of the burdens of reconstruction' (advocated by Mr. Barnes in his first article), inasmuch as the Dawes Plan aims at only a partial reimbursement of France and others for what they have actually spent on reconstruction without any consideration of the tremendous loss of productivity since 1914 resulting from the devastation. The only performer whose name is not on this programme is America. It is her move!

I wish next to express my cordial sympathy with the fundamental desire and aim of Professor Barnes, which is the ultimate improvement of international relations through the unfolding of historic truth. It is only with his method that I can occasionally find fault, for the method frequently defeats the desire. When, for instance, in his article in THE CANADIAN FORUM of July, 1925, he rants like a hostile war-time propagandist about England and France's lack of 'international honesty and decency', surely he realises that that is just the kind of phrase which is picked up by the world press, harped on by the journalists, and bitterly resented by British and French readers who henceforth turn contemptuously away from the most sound and salutary revisionist conclusions and most

unjustly confound their author with the sorry tribe of anti-European scribblers suffering most acutely of late from a greed-engendered, anti-French complex. Again, in the concluding paragraph of his rejoinder, Mr. Barnes assured us that he has 'always been in favour of America's joining the League'. Unfortunately, many credible American witnesses have told me that the onslaught of 'Barnes & Company' upon the reputation for 'honesty and decency' of Entente nations and their statesmen has, on the contrary, created quite an anti-League current in quarters hitherto favourable to America's participation in the arduous task of organizing co-operation and peace among the nations. The American correspondents, even of such serious papers as *Le Journal de Genève*, have on occasion corroborated this unwelcome testimony.

Mr. Barnes generously declares that he would agree with me in any 'indictment' I might care to offer of America's 'selfish and provincial policy of isolation'. But what the nations need is *self-criticism*. An outsider's indictment more often than not proves harmful, for it is interpreted as hostile. On the contrary, what I strive to do in conversing with anti-Americans is to prove that the Americans are merely acting as other humans would act in the American environment. The only part of this vast question which is 'emotion-charged' for me is the future of the League and the League ideal, and these last considerations were the determining factors in inducing me to appeal to Mr. Barnes in the most friendly spirit to make haste more slowly, and to his readers to cultivate the only too rare gifts of healthy scepticism and suspended judgment.

Some weeks ago Mr. Barnes, M. Morhardt, Professor Delbrück and others addressed a letter to the Secretariat at Geneva, inviting the League to appoint an impartial committee of investigation into War Origins. Their object was praiseworthy but impracticable. Such requests can be received only from State Members, and in this case, as far as can be foreseen, only when the German Government is willing to invoke in its support Article 19 of the Covenant, which says: 'The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world'.<sup>1</sup> Whether any official and politically appointed committee would arrive at any decision other than a transaction, is open to question. In the meanwhile special-ists of various countries may group themselves spontaneously into free and impartial committees; and they will one day meet with Mr. Barnes in the middle path between the myths.

<sup>1</sup>October 2: Mr. Stresemann said that 'Germany is ready to present herself before any impartial tribunal for the examination of the causes and the origins of the World War'.



THE tendency of the modern theatre seems to be to assume that among the decent and normal people nothing that is significant of the meaning of life ever happens, and that you must turn to the lawless and disreputable in your search for the vital and the true. When you hear of a crashing success on Broadway, you wonder what new depth of human conduct has been exploited to give it strength and drawing power. Nowadays, heroines are insipid creatures unless they go beyond the minor unchastities or if they commit nothing worse than justifiable homicide. As for the heroes, the vocabulary of the gutter contains few words that they have not used at one time or another to draw a gasp from the audience.

As the fashions in plays alter, so must the stand taken by players regarding the type of rôle in which they are willing to exhibit their talents. For example, take the case of Ethel Barrymore, regarded by many as the first lady of the American theatre. At the moment she is enjoying a triumph of the first rank in a comedy by Somerset Maugham entitled, *The Constant Wife*. It would seem to be a gayly wicked piece of play-writing, in which Mr. Maugham elaborates the cynicism that infidelity may be deplorable, but that it should not necessarily be regarded as a catastrophe in domestic life. The constant wife knows that her husband has wandered into the privacy of other ladies, but otherwise she finds him a most satisfactory head for their household. He can be companionable in a Platonic way, and he is an excellent provider. So she takes the philosophic course and treats his infidelities as a side issue. At last, there comes a day when the longing for youthful adventure stirs her blood. She arranges to take a six weeks' holiday in France. She informs her husband of her intention, and incidentally mentions that a male companion will travel with her. The husband hears the news with consternation. He also has found their domestic arrangement a very satisfying one, and does not care for the sordid undertaking of a divorce. Then she adds that her desertion is not final. After her outing, she will be back again. Why not? The idea of the play is that reasonable, well bred, and modish people do not raise a din over things that their parents used to call sins.

It is rather interesting to recall that Ethel Barrymore once upon a time, some twelve years ago, refused to appear in a comedy entitled *Our Betters* by the same Somerset Maugham, because she hated its moral cynicisms. Yet, *Our Betters* was such a comparatively mild play that even the British censor did not boggle when it was presented in London. I do not know how

that gentleman will treat *The Constant Wife*, but he did stop *This Was a Man*, by Noel Coward, in which a similar theme was used. In the Coward play, a young man receives a confession from his best friend, who has had an intrigue with his wife. But the tale of treachery does not cause the husband to do any shooting. He merely bursts into gales of laughter, and starts out to pursue a little affair of his own.

Somewhere in one of Oscar Wilde's essays he makes the suggestion that nature often copies art. I suppose he also means that manners and customs in real life frequently imitate manners and customs in literature and upon the stage. In the drama, a detected infidelity was always considered a starting point for tragedy. It was supposed to be followed by virile gestures on the part of the husbands and relatives of the erring couple. Those were the days when Miss Barrymore would have drawn aside her skirts in the presence of a manuscript like *The Constant Wife*. I wonder how often the men who poured the contents of their revolvers into the quivering bodies of a Paola and Francesca discovered in their domestic menage were moved to action by the knowledge that in drama and literature it was considered the proper thing to do.

However, I must pause in the presence of the thought that books and plays set the key-note for life. I look over the successful New York dramas of the post-war period from *The Captive* to *The Green Hat*, from *They Knew What They Wanted* to *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, and from *Desire Under the Elms* to *The Constant Wife*, and find myself hoping that the manners and customs of the tomorrow are not to be copied from the imagined manners and customs found in the theatre of today.

FRED JACOB.

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## TRADE AND INDUSTRY

A WORD FOR BIG BUSINESS

BY G. E. JACKSON

**A**T the beginning of 1927 it seems that there are no gloomy clouds on the horizon in Canada. Business is more active than at any time since 1920. Dividends are about to be disbursed on an unprecedented scale. In certain industries—mining, pulp, and paper, the development of electric power especially—spectacular advances are being achieved. The banks are in a strong and liquid position. No serious labour disputes are impending.

In the United States, on the other hand, the most trusted prophets are sounding a note of caution. There was a riot of prosperity during 1926. It is expected that 1927 will be somewhat less prosperous.

If this expectation is realized, it follows that in Canada, too, whose trade is inextricably connected with that of the United States by countless ties, there may be some slackening of the pace presently; for we are very sensitive to such changes.

Even among Americans, however, there are no serious forebodings. After two years of halcyon conditions, in which the manufacturer, the trader, and the speculator alike have made enormous profits, there is no fear of a sudden stoppage. It seems as if, in the United States at any rate, the bogey of 'hard times' has been exorcised: that we need not look for *serious* trouble from that quarter.

If the view thus shortly summarized is a correct one, it is only fair to say that something like a miracle has happened. All previous experience would lead us to suppose that after two such hectic years American business must be headed for disaster at no distant date. Every period of great prosperity for more than half a century was followed by a sudden crash in New York when credit became scarce or even unobtainable, orders were cancelled right and left, and workers were unemployed by the million over a vast area.

On every such occasion, prior to 1920, the credit system became overstrained and suddenly refused to function. In 1920 there was no such absolute refusal to function, but a very serious situation developed, which took by surprise the business executive no less than the man in the street, and caused terrible distress.

If no such danger is impending to-day, to what do our neighbours owe this new feeling of security?

There is no doubt that the credit for the change belongs for the most part to the men in charge of the Federal Reserve System: in other words, to the central bankers of the United States.

Started in 1914, and modelled to some extent on German, to some extent on British lines, the Federal Reserve System of twelve regional banks, with numbers

of smaller 'member banks' grouped around each, was an immensely powerful, but also quite an unwieldy mechanism. The men responsible for its control had no previous experience to guide them. They could learn its possibilities only by thoroughly testing them: in other words, by making mistakes, to be paid for by the great American public, and learning what they could from each mistake. In addition, it is to be noted that these men were not immune from political influence; and American politicians are not conspicuously more intelligent than our own. It was probably because of the meddling of politicians with bank policies that industry suffered so severe a setback in 1920.

With a great task before them, it would not have been remarkable if the men in charge of Federal Reserve operations had taken a generation or two to learn their business, leaving industry to look after itself in the meanwhile. Instead, they seem within ten years to have mastered their lesson; and to-day they govern what is incomparably the most powerful machine in the world with remarkable skill and smoothness. They seem to have developed with especial success their method of controlling credit by the purchase and sale of securities, at selected moments, in the open market; and it is by such 'open market operations' rather than by manipulating discount rates directly, that they generally make their decisions felt. They have their fingers on the pulse of a continent; and it is not an exaggeration to say that in a considerable measure the beating of the pulse is under their control.

In these days, when the so-called 'Big Interests' are so generally regarded with suspicion—when the man in the street often conceives of the 'Big Interests' as a ring of would-be monopolists ready to pounce on him (and from whom he is with danger and difficulty rescued by that modern knight-errant the party politician)—it is well sometimes to give credit where credit is due. If the man on Main Street is no longer exposed to the danger of a sudden collapse of the credit system (with

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its natural accompaniment, an abrupt, wholesale, sickening stoppage of industry), the change is due to no prudence or self-sacrifice on his own part, to no heroism of the politician. It is due to the work of a comparatively small number of bankers who were also thinkers, and it has been carried out successfully because while others were abusing them and labelling them the 'Money Trust' they were content to keep their own counsel and to do their job.

It would even now be premature to say that they have done their job completely. Industry will still have its ups and downs: it is not to be stabilized thus quickly. Alternations of activity with unemployment will leave the worker still exposed to hazards that are not of his choice, and misfortunes not of his deserving. But inasmuch as these changes are now less sudden, and far less violent than once they were, the men who brought them about have surely deserved well of their fellows.

There was another occasion, not very long ago, when the Churches and the rest of Christendom having signally failed to bring Peace in a world racked by war and tortured by the spirit of revenge, the same Big Interests quietly took charge and brought order out of chaos. The Dawes Plan was evolved by bankers, and by them set in operation, after 'statesmanship' had done its worst. To the Dawes Plan Europe owes her present unusual tranquility. But that is another story.

## THE TREND OF BUSINESS

BY PHILIP WOOLFSON

	Index of Wholesale Prices in Canada (1)	Volume of Employ- ment in Canada (2)	Price of 30 Canadian Securi- ties (3)	Cost of Selected Family Budget (4)
Nov. 1926	172.3	102.8	139.4	150.0
Oct. "	171.4	105.2	130.0	149.0
Sept. "	170.0	104.9	132.8	149.4
Aug. "	170.4	104.2	128.5	151.3
Dec. 1925	185.2	95.3	126.0	157.6
Nov. "	184.8	97.1	124.2	153.1
Oct. "	178.0	98.3	124.6	150.5
Sept. "	177.0	96.6	123.1	150.0

<sup>1</sup>Michell. Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-1909.

<sup>2</sup>Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Records obtained from Employers. Base (=100) refers to Jan. 17, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the first of each month.

<sup>3</sup>Michell. Mail and Empire. The following common stock quotations are included: Dominion Steel; Nova Scotia Steel & Coal; Steel Co. of Canada; Canada Car & Foundry; Canadian Locomotive Co.; Russell Motor Co.; Canadian Cottons; Canadian Converters; Dominion Textile; Montreal Cottons; Monarch Knitting; Penman's; Wabasso Cottons; British Columbia Fishing & Packing; City Dairy; Dominion Cannery; Shredded Wheat; Tuckett Tobacco Co.; Canada Bread; F. N. Burt; Provincial Paper; Spanish River; Howard Smith; Laurentide; Lake of the Woods Milling; Ogilvie; Maple Leaf; Canada Cement; Lyall Construction; Dominion Bridge.

<sup>4</sup>Labour Gazette (Ottawa).

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